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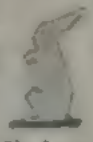
Toy-makers' Town

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MEN WHO WORK IN SANTA CLAUS' SHOP AND MAKE "MERRY CHRISTMAS" FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

By John H. Parry

THERE is a Santa Claus. All the skeptics in the world to the contrary, there lives in a little old house in a little old town a very little and jolly old man who, like the Dr. Tinker-Tinker of the modern song, has—for so many years that people have forgotten the real number—been a "sender of joys to the world of little girls and boys."

The Old Man Who Is the Real Santa Claus of Half the World's Little Folks



He is very old—this man. His face is drawn. His hands are small and hard. His color is that of rust. He looks as though metal and not skin were the material with which he was made. But in his deep set eyes there is always a kindly twinkle—the twinkle of a man whose life has been dedicated to the happiness of small tots throughout the world.

He is very rich. But each mark of his wealth, as he might tell you, represents a happy moment that has gone into the life of some child. He is, all things considered, a very powerful man. Armies of soldiers, millions strong, stand always at his beck and call. Great generals he has made. Kings and emperors and czars have been created by him. Royalty's children have often knelt at his feet.

Mighty, indeed, he is. His fleets are greater and grander than the combined navies of all the world. His merchant vessels have sailed in every sea. His guns and his cannons have been more numerous than those of the Krupps. His motors and automobiles represent the one and only standardized and "universal" car. His railroad systems boast a mileage and rolling stock far more extensive than even Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's wildest dream.

A trust? No, that is not the word. For all the trusts in all the world have never attempted to control the multifarious industries and activities presided over by this modest, metallic man. He is a Napoleon, a Nelson, a Wright, a Morgan and a Ford rolled into one.

His home is a very queer place. Low-eaved, with a small dark doorway, it stands on an island formed by the rivers of old Nuremberg. The Troedel Market, they call it, and its fame has gone forth to every corner of the world.

It is a very mysterious-looking place, quite forbidding to the average person. And yet, within its walls, stand armies and armament so vast in numbers that all the battles of history might easily be refought upon its floors.

The old man himself stands usually just inside the door. He also is mysterious. For years, carefully guarding his business secrets, he has kept his station at the entrance lest some foreigner might discover and purloin the industrial process from which his fortune has been made.

He Has Duplicated In Toys the Entire Armies of both Czar and Kaiser

The house itself is a great warehouse of toys. Round the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabres. And—everywhere—the soldiers. Millions upon millions of these have been sold—so many millions that even the old man himself has long since lost count. They are his specialty, for it is this man that originated the idea of what he terms the "edifying soldiers."

These are of lead, tin or pewter and represent the armies and battles of the world. All of the great military campaigns of history have been accurately duplicated in these tin armies and both the Kaiser and the Czar have had their own armies duplicated in their entirety.

The soldiers themselves are made in two ways; some are stamped out of flat metal; the others, and more expensive, are made in moulds. Once all of them were made entirely by hand; but now they are stamped out by machinery, though the painting is still done by hand—thousands of girls

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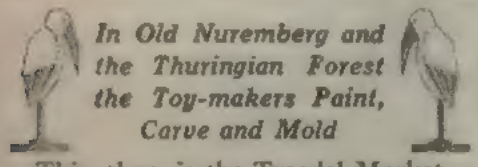
and women being employed in this work.

They are sold by the hundredweight and last year nearly one hundred thousand quintals were sent to America alone. A pound box, which contains about one hundred and fifty pieces—infantry, cavalry, artillery, with such accessories as trees, bastions, camps, the wounded soldiers and the dead—may be bought in the Troedel Market for sixty cents. But that, of course, is the local price, as any Canadian father will tell you.



In Old Nuremberg and the Thuringian Forest the Toy-makers Paint, Carve and Mold

This, then, is the Troedel Market—the one place in the world that holds universal peace in the palm of its hand. Aside from soldier making its other industries are tremendous though keen rivalry exists in all of the lines save that of the soldiers.

It is situated in old Nuremberg—the city, as some one has called it, of the "toy diablerie." In fact it is a singularly fitting fact that this quaint old city should be the principal seat of the toy making industry of the world and consequently, for this reason, a veritable Toytown itself.

In and near Nuremberg toys of all kinds are made and no other city in the world approaches it in volume of toy manufactures. There are about two hundred large toy factories in Nuremberg and in Furth, which is only six miles away. The latter city is devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture of Noah's Arks, dissected puzzles and other toys of this variety.

The wooden animals for these arks and various other wooden toys, however, are made in Sonneberg, Saxony, and the Thuringian forest, most of them being carved by hand by the native peasants. Once a week wagons go around through the Thuringian forest and collect all the toys that have been made in the humble little cottages and take them to the city. In Sonneberg itself, however, there are many great toy factories.

Here are made the heads for dolls, porcelain, papier mache or some other composition being used for the purpose as wax dolls are made no longer in Germany. Here, too, is the principal home of the leather doll, as well as all those trinkets of glass and gilt that are hung on the Christmas tree. The woolly dog and the fluffy little white sheep are also manufactured here in great quantities. Thirty thousand grown-ups are employed in this peasant trade in the Thuringian Wald alone and two-thirds of them work in their own homes.

In Groden, among the Dolomites, there is likewise a wonderfully interesting group of toymakers. All the men, women and children in the village turn, carve and paint the wooden animals and dolls.

From every standpoint, Germany is the greatest toy-making nation in the world. In point of volume its manufactures lead the world, while from an artistic and mechanical standpoint no other nation has as yet been able to compete with the German manufacturers. In Germany toy-making is regarded in the light of a fine art and many of the great artists have become interested in the designing of unusual dolls, animals, et cetera, while trained engineers have invented many of the mechanical toys.

In recognition of the importance and value of the industry Germany has at last established a government school at Grunhainichen for the purpose of teaching toy-making to the younger generation. Here many of the master toy makers of Germany conduct classes, while famous artists and sculptors maintain courses in designing.

Next to Germany, France is the leader in the manufacture of toys. Once she stood at the head but in recent years Germany has forged ahead when the industry is considered as a whole, though France still holds the supremacy in the making of the finer and more expensive playthings. Her yearly output of toys amounts to something like fifty million francs. In six months, a year or so ago, Paris sent to New York alone $218,819 worth of toys—one-half of which was represented by dolls.

Great interest is taken throughout France in the industry and the toymakers are encouraged in every way possible. Prizes are given by the local authorities of Paris for the invention of new toys. In fact, shortly before Christmas, the boulevards of Paris are given over to the minor toy-merchants and their booths extend for miles along either curb.

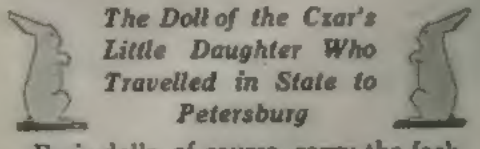
A commission is appointed by the Prefect of Police to award the annual prizes and it is a queer sight to see such men as Leo Claretie, the grave Sardou, and Georges Cain—all of whom have served in this capacity—sitting in solemn conclave over the relative merits of a new fangled top or a wondrous Bernhardt doll.

The bulk of the French industry itself is centered in the quarter of the Temple, where great factories are occupied year in and year out in the making of toy guns, cannon, military equipment, tents, et cetera, for the warlike little Gauls of old France. Here also the wonderful trains and locomotives that distinguish French toymaking are turned out, while airships—following the lead of the nation—are a favorite product.

The Paris toyland in many respects is equally as quaint as that of old Nuremberg itself. To reach it the traveler must turn out of the rue Saint Martin into a maze of little streets with curious old world names. Thus you travel the Street of the Breadknife into the Street of the Stone-and-the-Rasher-of-Bacon until you come to the Street of the Broken Loaf. Then you turn down by the old black Gothic church of Saint Merri and go on until you come out on the most wonderful little crossroads in Paris.

Here the signs of toyland protrude from every window. Clear up to the little beehive windows in the slanting roofs are the tokens and emblems of the toymaking industry—great wooden sabres slung on a building's wall, guns that stick out menacingly, monstrous drums that swing back and forth in the breeze, trumpets, a gigantic Punch swaying in the air in evident quest of Judy. Or else, perhaps, a window full of woolly sheep or queer walking men.

The largest house of all—the one with the blue doors—is where the wonderful Paris dolls are made. Here the idols of the young girls' hearts find their beginning in a great trough where workmen knead up into a dingy paste old cardboard, even old gloves, old rags and gum tragacanth. Then, in an adjoining room, the paste is pounded into moulds for the busts, the legs and the arms of the dolls innumerable. There is a special machine for stamping out the hands, and a really gruesome sight it is as the tiny hands come forth—each perfect in itself but terribly detached.



The Doll of the Czar's Little Daughter Who Travelled in State to Petersburg

Paris dolls, of course, carry the fashions around the world and all their dainty things are copies of those of the great lady who drives down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees in her well appointed rig. Even the exclusive designs of a Poiret find their way speedily to the house with the blue doors and are mimicked to perfection by the deft doll-makers.

The demand for French dolls is tremendous throughout the world and not long ago one of the Parisian models found its way to St. Petersburg where it became the cherished plaything of the little daughter of the Czar, this

fortunate doll taking with her twenty trunks filled with the very latest Paris clothes and being accompanied by a Russian official throughout its trip.

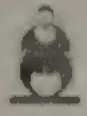
Practically all of the world's toys come from Germany, France, Hungary and Japan. The industry in Canada and the United States is, proportionately, almost negligible. Three million dollars' worth of toys are imp rted from Germany by Canada and the United States each year and the rest come almost entirely from the other three nations named.

From Hungary come almost all the animals and figures in rubber and also the little sets of delicate furniture and the wonderful papier-mache toys which were invented by an old musician, Ferdinand Mangsch, for the amusement of his grandchildren and which have since amused a world-wide generation.

Japan provides the toys of paper and bamboo, of ivory and the little dolls with the shining, enameled faces and black tufts of hair. She has recently, however, begun to manufacture in large quantities such toys as those made in Germany and France and will doubtless become, in a few years, one of the leading toy-making nations of the world.

Russia also has taken a recent interest in the making of toys and the much-abused Russian government now maintains rural district schools and museums for toy makers and aids them in finding suitable markets for their wares.

Games and Kindergarten Toys Are Made Over Here in Factories



Though we are far in the rear of other countries in the manufacture of toys, great strides have been made in recent years and the industry has received a wonderful impetus in both Canada and the United States.

This is largely due to the fact that it has now become recognized that toys of an educational and constructive nature have a decided value in the teaching of children.

Some of the largest manufacturers of kindergarten supplies in the world are located in the United States and make a specialty of manufacturing toys and playthings of an educational value. Probably the greatest circus-animal factory in the world is also situated in the United States, while other gigantic establishments turn out toy trains, building blocks, toy steel beams and girders, wagons, sleds, dolls and games—the United States leading other nations in the last named branch of toy-making.

Great opportunities undoubtedly exist in Canada for the manufacture of toys and many individuals have made small fortunes through independent factories. One woman has an establishment which has made a specialty in the manufacture of dolls and during the past year has found it necessary to employ many helpers to keep up with the demand placed upon her.

Doll houses and doll furniture also offer a profitable field both for the individual and the manufacturer. A young man living in a small American city entered this field a short time ago. His first effort was made in the construction of a doll house for a small niece of his, which was so widely appreciated that he decided to enter upon the business of fashioning small houses. These houses he made in exact proportions on the scale of one inch to one foot, and was thus able to obtain attractive designs from magazines that featured house plans as well as from the architects themselves. Selling direct he was enabled to secure $8.00 apiece for the completed houses, against which was charged the time consumed in their manufacture.

In his first year he was able to make and market for the Christmas trade ten such houses, but so great was the demand that he gradually secured helpers and in his second year over one hundred such houses were sold by him. To-day he has a prosperous little factory of his own which is devoted entirely to the manufacture of these juvenile homes.

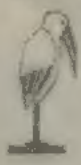
Equally successful businesses have been created in the manufacturing of doll furniture and doll dresses—a firm that started in the former business now doing a national trade, while several women who have devoted their time to the latter business have made satisfactory incomes from it.

Every wood-working plant is a potential toy factory and several such plants have found it profitable to take up the business as a side-line. One such firm now does an enormous business in the manufacture of sleds, another has devoted itself to wagons, while others have gone into the making of wooden building blocks, ten pins, et cetera.

It is a singular fact that, though America is probably the greatest market for toys in the world, comparatively little attention has been given to their manufacture. Yet, in spite of this fact, many fortunes have been made from toys on this side of the Atlantic.

The firecracker business, which is an offshoot of the toy industry, has made its owners rich; though in the United States the "sane Fourth" crusade has cut the profits seriously, and, although the agitation has not reached equal proportions here, it is probable that Victoria Day will show less gunpoweer celebration as the years go on.

Novelties such as the Billiken doll, the Kewpies, and their like have travelled all over the world, and netted thousands of dollars.



The King of the Side-Walk Fakers Who Sell the Freak Novelties of Holiday Time

In the last few years, for instance, Robert Cunningham, of New York, has made a fortune from the buying and marketing of toy novelties. In business circles Cunningham is known as the "faker king" and his headquarters on Ann Street in New York is one of the most picturesque business establishments in the United States. Yet, outside of the trade, few people have the slightest conception of the extent or organization of the business of which he is the head. In fact it is dollars to doughnuts that you never heard of Robert Cunningham or his partner, Samuel Basch, in your life.

In reality Cunningham's business is extensive. It is generally admitted, in fact, that he has laid away a fortune that runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Each year he sells millions of novelties—particularly 'freak' toys—through street venders.

These range all the way from the "angry mother-in-law" to the more stately dancing bears. His greatest success, however, was probably centered in the familiar little dog with a spring tail. Undoubtedly you have seen the type of canine to which I refer, but if you have not your small boy has. It was the invention of a Japanese, who has earned royalties that ran into the tens of thousands, and since Cunningham took hold of it the toy has become known from one end of the world to the other.

Nearly all of the toys sold by Cunningham are vended from the curb-stone and in the great cities of America he has, during the busy holiday season, thousands of his men busily engaged in "barking" their wares and taking in the quarters and dimes.

The extent of the sale of some of the toy novelties of recent years is well nigh amazing, it being claimed—for instance—that the "Teddy Bear" has earned well over a million dollars, while other similar toys are not far in the rear.

Millions upon millions of dollars are invested in the toy industry and millions are spent for toys each year. The big stores report that it is not

Continued on page 136.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

CHAPTER I.

THE sun shone high in the heavens looking as if it had been melted into the clear blue of the sky. No one who had not been born and bred in the south could have withstood the heat of its noonday glare.

Robert Sinclair, his golden curls just a little bleached, his clear English skin tanned to a smooth brown, was sitting by the great Trevi fountain, watching the water spouting from the Tritons' mouths. Only to look at it made him feel cooler; and coolness was his great need for the moment. Boy-like, he had been running, although the month was August and the place Rome.

All about him was the busy hum of the street. A melon-seller came by, and offered him great slices of red, luscious fruit freckled with black pips. Robert looked covetous for one moment, and then shook his head.

"I have not enough money," he said to the man in the vernacular.

"Basta! it is enough," said the melon-seller with a flashing smile, and handed the lad a huge slice. He knew the little English signor quite well, and it was a pleasure only to look at his golden curls. It is only an Italian vagabond who would take beauty as part payment.

"How is the voice, signor?" he asked confidentially. "It gives no sign of breaking yet?"

"I can sing the C in alt easily," said the boy between bites.

"Ah!" said the melon-seller, "it is a gift, yours. You will be famous one day, and I shall come and hear you sing."

"And give me melon," said Robert, laughing gaily.

"You will not want melon," said the man. "You will come on the stage dressed in shining armour, like the knight Lohengrin, and we shall all listen and applaud."

"You will hiss me," said Robert. This melon-seller was a great chum of his.

"If you sing badly, without doubt," said the man, as he shouldered his barrow and made off.

The lad sat quite still, watching the water and listening to the sound of its plashing. Suddenly he began to hum and then to sing very softly. It was as if he were singing to the fountain and for a little while, time was not with him. He rose at last and made his way through the square.

"There were not many people abroad but those he met looked after him admiringly—he was so very good to look at, there was something so noble and so lovable in his bearing. In about half an hour's time, he reached a quiet street with high stone houses. It bore the impress of having once been a good street, although now it was evident that fashion had passed it by.

An open door showed a courtyard in which there was a little garden and a broken statue of Apollo in the centre. Pink and white oleanders rioted in this courtyard, their great blossoms making beautiful spots of color. Robert looked at them affectionately.

He climbed up many steep stairs, but he did not notice their steepness and his breath was not coming fast as he pushed open the door of a large room.

There were two people in the room—one a woman, although if Captain Sinclair had been asked for a description of the people in the room, it is quite certain that he would not have put his wife first. For the whole world to him was centered in himself, Geoffrey Sinclair, late of Her Majesty's army.

But omitting the captain's preferences, Jean Sinclair claims our attention—a tall slight woman with wavy hair like Robert's and a pale, tired face with eyes of deep blue. It was the face of a woman who had suffered and who could keep silence, the face of a woman who set her teeth and bore what was put upon her without making a moan.

Her long pale hands were busy with a little clay figure, which she was holding at arms' length. She wore over her usual dress a blue sculptor's blouse which became her well, and was examining the little statuette which she had just finished. One exactly like it stood on the shelf close by.

Jean Sinclair earned her living and her husband's and son's as well by making little terra-cotta copies of the great statues in the Vatican, which she sold to the shops who sold them again to the strangers that came to Rome. She did not claim to be an artist—indeed she had never had an artist's training, having come from a good Scotch family to whom the thought of 'images' would have been anathema—but she was a correct copyist and unconsciously she gave to these little figures some of the grace of her own personality.

Geoffrey Sinclair was lying full-length in a deck chair, smoking a cigarette. He was a tall man and his face had originally been handsome. He had been unquestionably handsome when, to her eternal misfortune, Jean MacDonald had been captivated by him and had married him. She had been so captivated, that she declined to have her fortune settled upon herself, which un-Scotch proceeding she had reason to deplore within six months of her marriage.

But the beauty of the captain's face was also now a thing of the past. Dissipation had done its work—the face was too red in color, and the mouth and jaw, which could never have been benign, now had a look of cruelty which made little children and

even dogs he met in the street evade him as quickly as they could.

Robert came straight up to his mother and a smile broke over her face.

"That is nice, mother," he said to her in English, and took the little figure in his hand. "There is a little Love in the Vatican that you would do perfectly."

"Your mother does not understand Love," said Geoffrey Sinclair, sneeringly.

Jean flushed, for although she had been a wife for upwards of twelve years, yet her husband's tongue had power to wound her still.

Robert looked at her and smiled. It was a smile of perfect understanding and it infuriated the man in the armchair.

"Oh, you two," he cried, "you are in league together — your mother would refuse me the necessaries of life and shower her money on you."

"It is for the rent," said Jean quietly, "you would not have us turned out of the house, Geoff?"

"You would fall on your feet if we were," he snarled, "you and the boy!" Jean made no answer and took up the finished statuette and looked at it. Robert went to the window and began singing to himself softly. Then to break the awkward silence which had followed his father's speech, he turned round and said, "I shall be a singer when I am a man, mother."

"You will be what?" thundered his father.

"A singer, father."

"A singer! I tell you, you shall be nothing of the sort, one artist in the family," with a look at his wife, "is enough! You shall not sink to the level of that! You will be a soldier, the only profession that a gentleman can have. No son of mine shall be a singer."

Robert, wise for his years, said nothing, but Jean turned away, her lip curling a little and then Robert said innocently enough,

"IT IS FOR THE RENT," SAID JEAN QUIETLY. "YOU WOULD NOT HAVE US TURNED OUT OF THE HOUSE, GEOFF?"

"But why did you leave the army, father?"

"Why? Why?" The man sprang from his chair and his face turned livid. "I'll teach you to ask impertinent questions," he cried. "You little dog, you! Go straight to your room."

The lad looked at his mother, and obeyed without a sound. The captain dashed after him and Jean, listening, could hear the sound of sharp blows, but not the sound of a cry.

She sat down on a chair by the window, for she was trembling in every limb. "My God! my God!" she moaned to herself, "how long, how long? Is he mad or only bad? My boy, my boy."

It might have been hours as far as she was concerned before the captain was back in the room again. She heard him come, but she lacked the strength to get up or to move her hands from her face. The captain was muttering to himself, "I'll teach him." Jean knew that he had utterly lost control of himself.

For the space of five minutes neither spoke to the other, then the captain's voice broke the silence. "Snivelling?" he asked.

Jean lifted her head, "No," she said, simply, "I have left off weeping—I don't think I have any tears left."

"No, you have no tears, but you spur that boy of yours on to be insolent to me—but he shall rue it. I am still capable of punishing him."

"Yes," she said, throwing prudence to the wind, "yes, you are still bigger than he is."

Geoffrey Sinclair looked at her with darkling eyes—he sprang to his feet, and for a moment she thought he was coming towards her. Again the contemptuous smile was on her face and he began to curse at her under his breath. It would have been doubtful how the scene would have ended, if there had not been a sharp rap at the door.

"Come in," cried Jean.

The door opened quickly, and a pale-faced boy looked in. That he was English was quite evident from his general appearance, although there was nothing striking at all about him. He had sandy straight hair, nice brown eyes and a rather slight figure. His mouth was wide and very good-tempered and his teeth irregular. With all its defects, it was a lovable face and Mrs. Sinclair smiled at him.

"Have you come to find Robert?" she asked.

"Y-yes, Mrs. Sinclair, I have c-come to ask you if he can come out with me. Mother wants to know if he may stay to tea."

He had directed his speech at Jean, but it was the captain who answered.

"Tell Lady Merton we shall be very glad to let Robert come."

"And m-may he sing to us? M-mother loves to hear him."

The lad had a little stammer, not so much from shyness as from the eagerness with which his words tumbled out.

"Of course he may sing! he has a beautiful voice, has he not?" asked the captain suavely.

"M-mother says it is the most beautiful voice in the world, and I don't think there was ever anyone so handsome."

The captain's amiability was not proof against all this praise. "When I was young, boys did not think about that kind of thing," he snapped.

"Maybe not," said the boy, and then he turned again to Mrs. Sinclair. "Shall I go and find Robert?"

"I will go myself," said Jean. She knew that Denzil Merton hated being left alone with the captain, but she wanted to go and see her boy, and she went up quickly to his room. Robert was standing by the window, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"Mother," he cried, eagerly scanning her face, "Mother, you have not been crying?"

"No," said Jean unsteadily and then she did what she had declared that she could not do any more, she fell to weeping.

The boy had his arm round her quickly.

"Never mind, mother," he said, trying to comfort her, "I don't really mind, you know, only," he burst out, "it is so beastly unfair, is it not? Why should he hit me? I did no wrong and I meant no wrong, and I wish he were dead."

"Hush laddie," she said gently.

"I won't say it if you don't want me to," he said stubbornly, "but mother, it is not fair, is it? And I know you mind, and that hurts doubly."

"Did he hurt you?"

The boy grinned. "Did he hurt? Rather. He meant to hurt. Of course he was half drunk. Mother, I am fairly sick of pretending. If it were not for you, I would run away."

"If there were any place in this world you could run to," said Jean "you should go." Then she was silent. "Denzil is waiting below," she added. "I came to tell you."

"Denzil, good old fellow," said the boy and then he looked at his mother anxiously. "If I go, you will be alone with him."

"I don't mind, laddie."

"Mother, why did you marry him?"

"Why? Oh laddie, I married him for the only reason that a woman or a man should marry. I loved him."

The boy looked at her. "He must have been beastly to you," he said, "if you had to leave off loving him."

She did not answer, but busied herself in getting out a clean collar and smoothing out his tumbled curls, which would never be quite smooth whatever was done to them. And as she did it she smiled, for he was very bonny.

"You make it worth while," she said in her tender mother-voice.

He flashed a look of love at her. "You won't mind my being a singer?" he asked.

"There is only one thing I want you to be," she answered simply, "and that is a gentleman."

"I know." He did not look at her now. He always felt shy when he was about to say something that might sound what he called "soft." "I know, but mother, your son ought to be a gentleman."

"You have good Scots blood in you," she said proudly.

"I have your blood in me," he answered and there was a little pause.

"We ought to make haste," she said, "poor Denzil is downstairs with your father."

"Poor Denzil," Robert laughed. The misery of a boy is after all a transitory affair, "how he will stammer."

Jean smiled too—she loved the ugly insignificant little lad. "I would not have left him, only I did not care to send him up to you."

"You thought I might have been crying?"

"No, but I thought you would be angry."

He understood quite well. "But I should not have talked, mother," he said, "I should not like them to be sorry for you."

"That is it, laddie," she answered. "Robert, you are not limping?"

"He hurt my leg," said the boy shortly—"not much, it will be all right presently—don't look like that, Mum—it does not matter."

Jean pressed her lips together, but said nothing more and Robert walked down the stone stairs just a little slowly for him. When they came back into the living-room, they found Denzil curled up in a big chair looking out of the window. The captain was lying back in his chair idly twisting a cigarette. It came to Jean suddenly, how she hated his cruel hands.

Robert greeted his chum, "I'm ready, Denzil," he said.

"Come along then." Denzil had been waiting anxiously for Robert's appearance, "Hello, you are lame," he said.

"I hurt my leg," said Robert. "Come along."

The boys went out of the room together, Robert a head and shoulders taller than his companion. Jean went to the shelf where the little statues stood and began with trembling fingers to swathe them in linen cloths, which she damped.

"What are you doing?" asked her husband shortly.

"Packing up," she answered laconically.

"What fool's trick is this?"

"I have had enough of this," she said in a low voice.

"Enough of what?"

"Of this life together with you. I'm going, I tell you, with my boy."

"And what do you propose that I should live on?"

"On someone else, not on me."

His face grew livid. "You will not do anything of the kind," he said, "I have the law on my side. You may go, but the boy is mine."

"The law may have been on your side once," she said with a quietness that he felt to be dangerous, "but it is on my side now—if you attempt to invoke the law, I will tell how you lamed that boy. I have been silent long enough—now my silence and my endurance are both at an end—I am going—to-night—"

"You may go to hell for all I care," said Captain Sinclair. He got out of his chair and opened the door and Jean heard him go down the stairs noisily. For all that, her trembling hands went on with her packing.

CHAPTER II.

"Where is your mother, Valerie?"

"Where? where should she be, Jonathan? With her new toy—her secretary."

Monro came in gingerly and sat himself down at the very edge of the Louis-the-fourteenth chair—one of the famous suite that had lately been added to the collection at 102 Park Lane. He was a tall, thin man with a high forehead, a pair of very beautiful blue eyes and a slightly receding chin, that had in reality been a factor in the building up of his huge fortune.

For Monro was the last new thing in millionaires, and he had made his fortune in railways, with the help of

his guileless chi ı and the wonderful brain, that gave the lie to the weakness of the lower part of his face.

Valerie, his daughter, who was also his greatest chum, watched him come into the room. She laughed a rippling girl's laugh, full of enjoyment and good-humored malice. "It is all right, she is in her boudoir revising lists of invitations."

"I'll have a pipe," said Monro and drew out of his pocket the shabby companion of his thoughts.

Valerie laughed again, "You have no sense of fitness, Jonathan," she said to her father. "You spend thousands on the furniture of this room and then you smoke a pipe in it. You ought to know better after all the education mother and I have been trying to give you."

"I suppose I ought," he said, there was just a note of wistfulness in his voice as if he wondered whether he were so very much lacking.

Valerie looked at him lovingly. "What does it matter, dad?" she asked—she called him Jonathan only when she was chaffing him. What does it matter? You are just as happy if you don't know the exact date and suitability of the furniture of a room."

"I should consider it more suitable if the legs of the chairs were straighter."

She laughed and walked across to a much decorated ormolu table upon which were placed several silver articles that looked valuable. "Here is a modern match-box," she said. "Light up, Jonathan."

Monro lit up and when he was puffing contentedly, he looked at his beautiful daughter. For Valerie was beautiful although her features were not regular, and her figure almost too slight. It was her expression that captivated you—her whimsical, half sad, half gay expression. She had her father's beautiful lustrous blue eyes and a quantity of light brown hair, a very red mouth, a little nose which she wrinkled up when she thought and a delicate white skin.

"Why is your mother so busy?" he asked after a pause.

"She is inviting the peerage to several entertainments, including a ball, a dinner party, and a meeting to provide funds for some fanatical society. It is mostly the female peerage who are invited to the meeting; the male peerage is invited to feed, that being supposed to be a weakness of the male sex."

Monro laughed, as she meant him to do.

"I'm not much gone on the male peerage myself," he said in a tone full of reminiscence, "there are a few of course with brains, but we don't see them at teas."

"No," said the girl, "they don't. It mostly depends on the state of their pockets, I think. Quite right too. I don't see why they should mix up with us. We are too new. We have our own value—let them keep to themselves."

She spoke almost passionately. Monro looked at his daughter shrewdly.

"Are you thinking of any peer in particular?" he asked.

"No," she answered quickly, "I am not, all the same, I can't help being conscious of several."

"Oh, that," he said, "is a matter of course."

"Given an heiress, not bad-looking, and the peerage is of course represented; but as for me—well I should like to marry a pork-butcher."

"A pork-butcher, why a pork-butcher? There is Chinnery, of course. He made his pile in bacon. But why a pork-butcher?"

"Well, they do marry, don't they?" asked the girl laughing," they are not celibates, are they? And butchering seems to me to be a good solid employment, no pretense about it. A pork-butcher would not come to you and swear that money was of no consequence while all the time he was looking round to see how many millions you had. Marriage

Continued on page 140

ROBERT SINCLAIR CAME ON THE STAGE IN THE SHINING ARMOUR AND WINGED HELMET OF THE KNIGHT LOHENGRIN, AND VALERIE WATCHED HIM INTENTLY

Down Where the "Sea-Serpent" Blows

By Bonnycastle Dale

Illustrated from Photographs

AN ANCIENT TOTEM-POLE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

OUR little steamboat, the Seeker, was already provisioned. The bunkers were full and alas! so was the captain. We had waited vainly at the little pier while the fair tide ebbed. It was half run out now so I decided to leave the rummy one behind and steer the wee craft myself. Off we set with a merry toot of the whistle—outward bound for a month's adventurous life. I am strictly within the bounds of truth when I say adventurous, for I had only made the outer coast trip once. But my mate was a good sailor, the young engineer a regular waterman, and Fritz! ah what was Fritz not? We proposed, that as he was getting very stout, he could play the part of a life preserver, and also fill the loss of the captain in one particular—by treating a double share of rations. To the last Fritz joyfully agreed and on we went.

There was quite a sea running outside the Pass, and the Seeker sought too deeply. We took a clean green sea plump into the well of the foredeck that soaked Fritz and sent him spinning, amid kegs, and oars, and other jetsam. The wind was west-so' west, so we hoisted the rag the mate so proudly called "the canvas" and it steadied the plunging, rolling Seeker quite a bit. But the Straits were pretty lumpy, so we made everything secure below and above decks, and soon reached the United States side. Here it was blowing rather stiff so we came about and tacked clear across and went up in the lee with the sail lowered.

Night fell with "white horses" everywhere. The wind was increasing, so we decided to take shelter under Sheringham Point, and coast along after daylight. I knew the bay line fairly well, even in the gathering gloom, so taking advantage of some short, low seas, I came around and headed shorewards. Bump! Bump!! The whole solid hull of the boat shook as if we had run aground. We were almost a mile from shore and I knew there were no reefs here. Just by guesswork we struck the cause. We had run right on top of one of the fir piles of an abandoned salmon trap—and luckily had not punched a hole in our ship's bottom. Later I wanted Fritz to let us keel haul him to see if she was damaged, but the selfish boy declined.

Bright and early next morning, with the "short run out" we were puffing our way down the Straits. Ahead, a column of smoke told of another coal-burner somewhere. We soon ran her down, as she was tied to the big salmon trap and here Fritz had his first sight of this great industry. A fence of long stout fir trees had been driven into the bed of the Straits. It had been hung with wire netting until the four maze like inclosures were reached. Three of those had also been hung with wire, but the fourth, or the spiller, as the men called it, was a regular forty foot square and deep-net. In this, in the clear green water of the Pacific, swam an almost countless host of fishes. The fish company's manager estimated for us that there were fully fifteen thousand salmon swimming in that ceaseless circle at our feet. Among them we saw the big brown body of a ground shark, a harbor seal, a sea-lion, many halibut, an enormous skate—it would go near the two hundred pound mark—hosts of herrings, many a big cod and sea bass, and hundreds of those lesser sharks, those torments of the halibut and cod fisher, the dogfish. Soon the fishing tug started the steam brailer and a glittering host of spring and sockeye salmon and a few cohoes and dog salmon, with an occasional steelhead trout, fell thumping on the hot deck of the scow alongside. These good chaps gave us a few hundred pounds of rare fish and soon the dissecting knives were busy and Fritz and I in our glory.

The devil fish fell to me. This big soft squid—the Terror of the Seas! according to some magazine and story writers is, according to all of our investigations, and the modern writers, just a big harmless shellfish eater. We went ashore and photographed the specimen, for its arms were too long for our decks. Imagine a body of reddish, purplish gristle, about the size of a football, containing two big suction valves, two syphons by which it draws water in and ejects it and progresses by the strange method. In this body there was a few ounces of the dark brown sepia fluid by which this animal

DAISY CONSIDERS CAUTION THE BETTER PART OF CURIOSITY IN DEALING WITH A GROUND SHARK

discolors the water to hide it from its enemies. Under the necklike part lies the head proper, two white eyes, cinnamon spotted, about as big as a human eye, but with the pupils opening and closing in the centre—the devil fish winked at me as I wrote this in my note book—and its wink is the only repulsive thing I saw about it. Right below the eyes there was an opening that looked like roll upon roll of leaves of lard, and in the centre of this, an inch long black bill, exactly like a parrot's, but only large enough to tear small shell fish open. The shoulders—as we might call them—were the bases of eight long arms, each seven feet in length, covered with just a few over two hundred suction discs each. Time after time these arms became attached to our clothes, but they were just as readily ripped off again by us. The odd gristly mass lay perfectly inert and useless on the sands—and it was as full of life as ever it was. From observations taken at other times it has no power of lifting the arms or tentacles above the water, in fact it lets them all drag closed behind it, while it syphons its way along. I have known little Indian lads unaided to capture a forty or fifty pounder in under the lowest low tide rocks. A few swift passes of the sharp knives and the subject was ready for dissection and later for the cooking pot of some passing Indian's canoe.

The next morning, while the Seeker bobbed at anchor, Fritz rowed me into a low tide bay and we collected many varieties of anemones and crabs and sea spiders and rare shellfish. The most interesting thing we found was a wolf eel. This big, distorted looking link between the true fishes and those of more eel-like form was more repulsive than the octopus of yesterday.

We laid the pocket knife beside it for comparison. This rare creature had a body and long dorsal fin all spotted and toadlike. Its six foot long body was rough and warty. Its fins were all seemingly misplaced and malformed. Its great eye glared forth a menace and its mouth was truly a chamber of horrors, for it was all, roof and sides and bottom, one mass of big flat-topped crushing teeth. So powerful is this most curious looking animal in its grinding and crushing that it can—and does—eat the big thick shelled crustacea, shells and all. I think Fritz will be a naturalist yet. I just peeped into his note book. "The wolf eel is as long as a man, with teeth like a dog, head like a turtle and the body of a fish"—not a bad description for a sixteen year old boy.

Fritz, next morning, as he clung with crossed legs at the throateye of the mast called out "Wreck ahoy! dead ahead! Men clinging to it!"

THE TIGER OF THE SEA—A BIG SHARK THAT WILL NEVER TURN FOR HIS KILL AGAIN

Of course we all rushed to the bow pell mell. Even Gus, the Swedish mate, left his dearly beloved smoked herrings and now stood staring out over the calm Pacific—for we were leaving the Straits by now. To the unaided eyes appeared an almost calm sea, a big black hull, and on it several dark figures, evidently human beings. Fritz was frantically tugging at the Norwegian fishing dory on deck. Gus, who was cook as well as mate—and fisherman extraordinary—and stevedore—and wheelsman and stoker and—well everything else aboard, was getting gruel and tea ready in the wee caboose. Ginger, the engineer, named after this hot spice by having snuffed some up by mistake and thereafter immediately sneezed his nose into a shape rarely worn by mortals—was stuffing the firebox full to over-flowing. I rushed for my glasses and ordered all lifesaving preparations to cease, as the dark figures were six big black cormorants drying their wings after too prolonged a spell of fishing.

Now, as we skirted the shore, inside a sheltering projecting point, we came alongside of that ancient mariner of the coast—the Kestral—the fishery protection cruiser. It is understood on good authority that, with all canvas drawing, and a full head, a fair tide and quite a heavy wind abaft, she can

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Dame Fortune's Daughter

By Lindsay Denison Illustrated by R. A. Graef

HE STARED AHEAD OF HIM DOGGEDLY, LOOKING AWAY FROM THE OTHER TWO. THEN— "IT'S ROSE," HE BLURTED OUT

ALONG about two thousand years ago a Little Child came into this world through a stable. Probably stables weren't very clean and sweet two thousand years ago—not nearly as nice as they are to-day. But the things that Little Child brought to the world were so dear and beautiful and good that most of us have come into the way of thinking His memory and ever-living presence and influence are exclusively the property and the privileges of the righteous, of those who abide in ways and places which are clean.

But it is nevertheless true that the soft tug of the Little Child's baby hands is felt to-day by folks who are not very nice and who live in places far more deplorable than ever was that Nazarene stable. Wherefore:

Cowles and Roberts watched the waiter set down the glasses and turn away. Then they laughed, each at the other, but without gladness.

"Bobs," said Cowles, "you don't seem to yearn for your medicine."

"No, Charley," sneered Roberts, "and I don't observe an absorbent haste on your part. What do you suppose is the matter with us?"

"We're 'fraid, Bobs," said Cowles. "That's what's the matter with us. We're 'fraid. 'Fraid of starting in. You've seen the kids on that slide thing down at Scarborough Beach. They hunch themselves along toward the start and then hang there until somebody from behind pushes them off. That's the way I feel. I'm waiting for somebody to come along from behind and give me a start. 'Cause I know, just as those kids know, that I am going to get bumped, and scraped, maybe good and plenty before I reach bottom."

"Right!" said Roberts. "That's just the way I feel, too." He looked around the room critically. "And as yet nobody seems at all inclined to start us along on the descent. What's the matter with the old place, Charley? Here it is half past nine o'clock, Christmas Eve, and there are less than twenty people here—and all of them cross. What are you looking at?"

"There's a bronze-haired, brazen-faced little person sitting right back of you, Bobs—don't turn; she's looking right at you. I've seen her before. I ought to know who she is. But I can't remember for the life of me."

"One of those 'Where-have-I-seen-that-face-before' situations?" Roberts cautiously looked obliquely into the mirror and studied the woman's face.

"I'll bet you know her, too," retorted Cowles. "She is probably the lady cashier who used to smile across her desk at us languishingly when she gave us our change for our beef and beans—before you got plutocratic and married and shook all your friends. By the way, how is the family? This is a lovely joint for a six months' bridegroom to be in on Christmas Eve. But I've been so long watching you young men, 'reformed by marriage'—beg your pardon, old man!" he cried, as he looked away from the hauntingly reminiscent face of the woman opposite and caught the hurt look of his friend. "What's the matter? You're not having any trouble at home, are you? You haven't been scrapping with Rose?"

"Why do you think I'd ask you to meet me at a joint like this, to-night of all nights, if there wasn't trouble with Rose?" growled Roberts. "I'm not fit to be married to a girl like Rose, or any girl, anyway, Charley, and I—" his voice broke a little; he caught himself and went on. "Let's drop it, Charley!"

They both stared at the table, for a moment.

"Bobs," said Cowles, after a while, speaking slowly and low, "you can kick me for being fresh, if you like. I know it's none of my business. But I like you too much not to tell you that I hate to see you starting out on a tear because you've got a grouch on your wife. Now, I'm hopeless and my grouch isn't with anybody I care a hoot about, anyway. But you, Bobs——"

"Drop it, Charley! Drop it!" Roberts laughed bitterly. "Let us proceed with that stirring melodrama which I suppose you would call 'The Souse's Christmas Eve.'" He glanced again at the girl whose face he could see in the mirror. "I know who she is, Charley," he said. "The girl opposite you, I mean. Do you remember Sadie Cargill? The girl who sang 'Coraline' and 'If you wouldn't—then I would!' at Shea's about five years ago? Don't you remember that everybody was crazy about her?"

Cowles looked up cautiously.

"Sure!" he said. "That's who she is. But what in the world is she in this place for? Sadie Cargill in Big Jimmy's! Whew, what a come-down!"

"I seem to remember somebody was saying the other day that she had gone pretty well to pieces," said Roberts. "Didn't take care of herself. Whoever

it was still he had seen her in the chorus of [illegible] right musical comedy out [illegible] terribly. Don't you remember what a soft-cheeked, innocent, merry little thing she always was?"

Roberts nodded and looked again into the mirror. He shook his head at what he saw. "Yes," he murmured, "she was. And now, before you recognized her, you called her 'bronze-haired and brazen-faced,' and she is

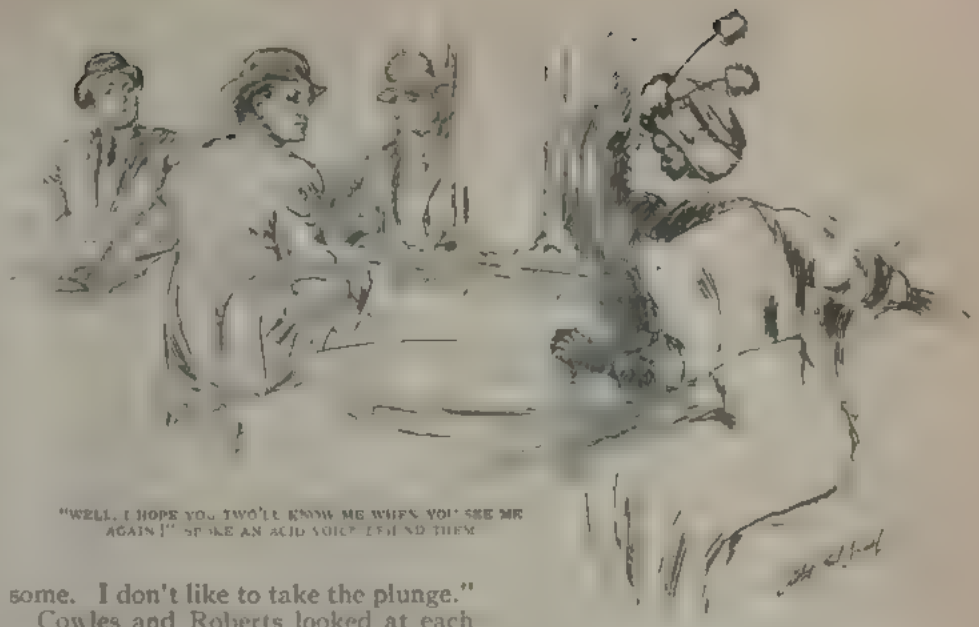
"I hope," spoke up the young woman, with startlingly distinct voice and with unlimited acidity of intonation, "that the next time you two see me, you'll remember me! Take a good look."

Both men sprang to their feet, catching off their hats.

"I beg your pardon," said Roberts, earnestly, "but really I didn't realize that you could see from the mirror how I was staring at you. I'm awfully [illegible] much ashamed. Really I am—we both are."

Miss Cargill looked him over with [illegible] "I'm sorry I barked at you that way. A woman is a good deal of a fool to make a kick when a man looks at her in Big Jimmy's. But I'm sore on the world to-night and kind of cranky. Come on over here and bring your drinks with you, both of you. Perhaps you can talk me out of it. I'm not trying to work you for a drink," she added hastily. "I paid for the one when I ordered it, and I haven't touched it yet. I was too [illegible] afraid that one would taste like water—and then another and then

"WELL, I HOPE YOU TWO'LL KNOW ME WHEN YOU SEE ME AGAIN!" SPOKE AN ACID VOICE BEHIND THEM



some. I don't like to take the plunge."

Cowles and Roberts looked at each other and laughed. And because Sadie, despite the hardening, was undeniably charming with the old graciousness of the Casino days, they carried their glasses to her table. Cowles smiled as they set them down, still full, beside hers

"Same here," he explained.

"You in trouble, too?" She sighed. "Well, *I'm* used to it. Better tell your old Auntie your poor little sorrows. Maybe I really can do you some good." She turned to Roberts. "First off, what's biting you?"

Cowles interrupted precipitately.

"Let me tell mine," he urged. "I'm the worst case. I've just lost my job. I'm a newspaper man and I've saved about as much of my princely weekly stipend as most of them do"

Miss Cargill nodded with a smile which seemed reminiscent. Almost involuntarily she hitched her chair over a little closer to Cowles. The instinct of the stage lady to cuddle up to the youth who may some time "get her name in the papers" is as imperishable as the instinct of self-preservation.

"Well," continued Cowles, "my rent comes due in a week. Also all the bills. Also it is the Merry Yule Tide when the young blood gets square with all the nice girls who have been especially nice to him. And I've been canned! Fired! Lost my job! And by the latest count I have on my person just thirteen dollars and forty cents good and lawful coin of King George's realm and nothing more coming to me. That's all."

Roberts took up the story.

"No, it isn't all, Miss Cargill—I beg your pardon," he cried, as he saw her wince

"It's all right," she said wearily. "Don't bother. It's all right. I haven't used that name for some time and I kind of hoped nobody would remember it. Fact, I'd rather like you boys to call me that to-night. Christmas Eve's kind of different. Go on."

"Charley didn't tell you how he lost his place. He lost it because he wouldn't help his photographer" — Cowles put up a menacingly warning hand—"wouldn't help his photographer do a dirty yellow trick about a starving baby and its mother over in the Ward. The city editor blamed the photographer and the photographer blamed Charley and—that's why!"

The woman laid her hand ever so lightly on Cowles' sleeve.

Nice boy," she said softly. "Nice boy!" And then, after a moment: "And, anyway, this is the first job you ever lost, isn't it? Thought so. It's nothing when you get used to it. I know." Her voice was even; but her foot was tapping the floor under the table. "It's when you get used to it, and think you can always get another and one day find that nobody will believe you when you say that you're going to steady down and be good—that's what hurts. This time next year you'll be laughing at yourself for feeling down."

"No, I won't!" growled Cowles "I've done my best for three good years and I've been decent when I didn't have to be decent and I've been straight with myself and the paper. It don't pay. I'm going to cut loose now and take things as they come."

Miss Cargill studied the ugly blaze in his eye intently and shook her head The hard lines in her face became more rigid.

Cowles reached for his glass. She stopped him.

"No," she said, "let's all start even. I want to know your friend's troubles."

"Never mind about mine," said Roberts, looking away from them both. He was almost, but not quite, surly.

Cowles shook his head at her surreptitiously

"Don't be afraid," she murmured. "I won't make any breaks. And he needs help more than you do." She turned to Roberts again. "Married?" she asked him.

"How did you know that?" he asked, his face still turned away.

"Oh, I knew," she said. "There's things about you that—oh, well, I know. And I'll tell you some more about yourself. This is the first time you've been out of the town since. Fellows who look as white and clean as you do, don't come mousing around joints like this—and keep on looking clean and white. Now I don't want you to think I'm a buttinsky, but really I wish you'd tell me about it." She glanced over her shoulder. "I know it isn't the place or the crowd to talk about anything like this. But honest, I wish you'd tell me!" There was a compelling ring of nearly mothering kindness in her voice. Roberts bowed his chin almost sullenly on his chest.

"Well?" he said.

"You've been having trouble at home?"

Roberts nodded.

"Tell me! What about?" She leaned across the table towards him, speaking very softly with misty eyes. Roberts did not raise his head.

"Christmas presents," he said

She threw back her head and laughed, just three or four pearly notes and then became grave again—sincerely grave.

"Now, see here," Roberts blurted out, looking straight into the woman's pitying eyes. "I *am* going to tell you about it. I know it isn't decent. But I haven't told anybody and I know I'm right—anyway, more right than she is—and you've been up against things a lot—and I want to tell you about it."

"That's right," she whispered as gently as though she had been petting a curly head at her knee

"Well," he recited in a monotone, "she asked me to meet her at Ryrie's to-day and I did. And she picked out a ring and I told her I couldn't come within five hundred dollars of paying for it—unless I broke my promise to increase my brother's college allowance. And she was hurt and then she was angry and she said things. You don't know—but there was a man—a rich man—an old man—out in Winnipeg and—when we first met she had almost made up her mind to marry him. Anyway—she said things and I said things and both of us were nasty—and bitter. This was all going uptown in a cab. And when we got to the door she said she wasn't going to get out—that she was going back to her own people—and I said I didn't care. And I don't!" His voice broke, even on the defiant note. "But it hurts and don't you think I was right?"

Cowles was staring at him somewhere between amazement and amusement.

"And is *that* all?" he began "that—"

"Stop!" Miss Cargill said to him sternly. "It's enough! Let me tell you two something. Now this isn't to print." She looked at Cowles. He nodded "It never got out why I left She's But it was because I was married on the sneak." She looked up and saw the waiter standing near. She plucked a pencil from Cowles's waistcoat, tore the margin from a newspaper sticking out of his pocket and wrote a name on it.

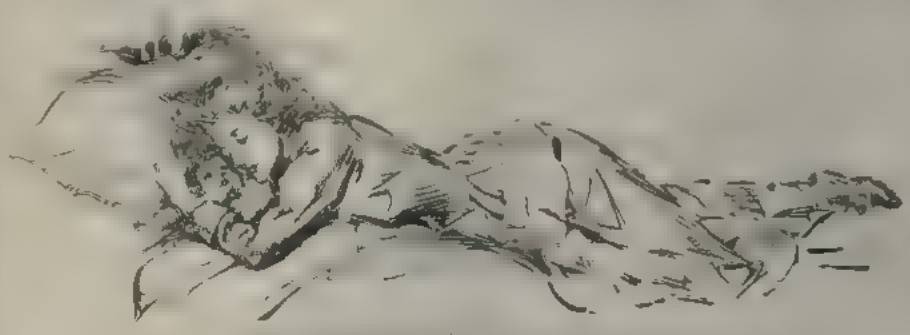
"Married to *him*," she said, showing the slip to Roberts and Cowles in turn.

Cowles whistled in his astonishment. Roberts stared at the paper with dimmed eyes; they cleared and he looked up quickly. "It didn't get out," she explained, because I really cared. I didn't want any press agent foolishness about him. Besides, I was going to quit the business, anyway. I did, all right, all right!" She laughed sourly and went on. "He was just out of college, and I was a lot younger than I am now and different—I was sort of different from anybody around there, I guess." Her voice caught, but she tossed her head and continued: "And that made him like me. And I liked him and we were married and went away. But as soon as he came to know me better he found (what I'd known all along) I wasn't up to his family standard. He knew he would have to tell them about our being married, and that when the time came and they looked me over I wouldn't exactly stack up with his people—manners, you know, and when to do things and how to do them and the sort of people I liked. And he tried to tell me. And I got mad—and we came back on different boats. And if I'd told him how much I wanted to learn to be the way he wanted me—if he'd told me t wanted me to try—why then—why then it would have been just those funny little married tiffs. But I was mad. I said I didn't care. even when they came and baby. I didn't care. I've never

She spoke straight into R eyes

"If I were you," she said, "I d care how mean you think she how right you think you were, find her and tell her that she was and that you sorry. And her head to her thing. But t to, I k But you

"You the t It



"SHE GOT TO CRYING BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DOLL OF HER OWN. SO I BOUGHT HER ONE—AND SHE WENT TO SLEEP WITH HER ARM AROUND IT"

the woman "Poor b You *are* up against it, bad

There was a silence. I embarrassingly long. Co

"It's your turn, Miss said.

She shook her head, and her eyes.

"Honest," she said mine is worth telling. It isn either of you would u Mine's just sentiment and ness. Let's take this drink

Cowles reached out to glass.

"We'll try to understand "And perhaps we might. chance.

Miss Cargill's head dro her hands as she slid her elbo across the table.

"All right," she said. "But I'm ing a fool of myself. I don't understand, myself, why it hit me hard. I told you just a what I'd been up against. W worse than that. That was starter. And after the very didn't care any more. I d Something broke and all the care p ped away from me. You've got troubles of where to eat and sleep and drink," she said to Cowles. "And you've got a heart that's pretty near to breaking—and maybe will," she said to Roberts. "But as for me, I've had all those troubles for and I haven't cared. Because I haven't any heart." Her eyes began to shine and her eyelashes t ur At I thought I

I live about Eighty-fourth and Lexington streets uptown.

You know what these rooming houses are. In the room next me there's some respectable married people, with a baby. A little girl about five. And she's been sick. And I guess the father hasn't had a job in a long time. Anyway, the other day I saw him taking a china [illegible] and [illegible] it looked like a [illegible] present. And I guess people [illegible] And the walls are [illegible] that [illegible] Any [illegible] baby [illegible] the little girl began asking [illegible] ago about Christmas tree [illegible] they told her that Santa Claus was getting snobbish nowadays and wasn't interested in poor people—or poor people's little girls—not even when they were sick. And she cried all day. She was crying when I came out last night. She was still crying when I got home this morning. She cried all day to day. And I'm broke. I've only got ten dollars between me and the day. And my rent's two weeks overdue and I've *got* to pay that before I quit, because the landlord's been dead white to me. And I've never cared before for four years, but—I care now—I care—I can't help it. I do. I do."

She dropped her hands to the table and her head on them. She sobbed; they were long, dry, heartbreaking sobs.

"Don't cry, Miss Cargill," urged Cowles, patting her shoulder clumsily. "Don't cry—Sadie!" She jerked away from under his hand and [illegible]

Miss Cargill [illegible] Robert, leaning over toward her and [illegible] softly, "you have been very kind to both of us. Will you let us be kind to you? Please stop crying. Please! And then try to tell me just how much money you need."

Continued on page 133.

Dust to Dust

By J. Dignam and Madge Macbeth

Illustrations by Rufus E. Stolz

THE architecture of the Grand Union Hotel was imposing for the district. Cathedrals and hospitable taverns, the photographs of which look well on post cards, are among the attractions of new west-[illegible]

The Grand Union was a three-story building; its expanse of native wood was painted an inoffensive gray, and it had a verandah running the length of the building on every flat. These coigns of vantage were always reserved for the women-folk, girls and matrons who hung over the edge of the railing in various stages of dishabille and took critical stock of the new arrivals or made feminine comparisons as to the prosperous state of the returned old ones. The railway had not yet come to the landing.

The lowest porch was supported by half a dozen pillars making a *porte cochere* for the bar which was directly upon the street. This important portion of the hotel was well in keeping with the surrounding grandeur, having ornate fixtures in plenty—and to the uninitiated let it be known that these same gold bars and shining knobs, to say nothing of the mirrors, had been [illegible] always a pleasure to partners returning from months in the bush to find so well equipped a hostelry ready to welcome them. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to mention that in the morning between the [illegible]

The drinks were on Hank Maguire, the latest arrived tenderfoot in Athabasca Landing. He had laid a dog-eared five dollar bill on the counter, hoping to have returned a modicum of "chicken feed" in spite of the dozen mouths ranged along in line, when the approach of the Edmonton stage emptied the bar.

Amidst uproarious laughter, Albert Kerrigan, the diminutive stage-driver, announced that this was the dryest bunch of White Ribbons he had ever carried—a remark he made each trip—and lost no time in making his way to the bar which immediately filled up again with the new-comers and the usual hangers-on.

Amongst those who accepted Kerrigan's hospitality there were two men who bore the inimitable and unmistakable stamp of the gold seeker; who, willy nilly, must answer that call of the north—that lure of the gold in comparison with which all other [illegible] in life seems but a [illegible] of time. They were evidently partners.

"[illegible] again, Bob?" called the bartender with a bottle poised in air. "Howdy, Jack," he added as the smaller of the two men made a place for him in line. "Where to, this [illegible] found time to ask

"We hear they've struck it up on the Liard," Bob replied, pouring himself out a generous horn. "Have you heard?"

Wheeler nodded. "Somethin', but there ain't nobody [illegible] us this time next year plowing with the tides [illegible]

Their good luck was drunk far into the night.

The following morning found the partners busily engaged in the purchase of their outfit, Bob Calloway assuming all the responsibility in the matter. His companion, Jack McRae deferred to him in the smallest detail, and their respective positions as "boss" and "bossed" seemed to be amicably recognized by each and resented by neither.

After a week's preparations they were ready for their venture and left Athabasca Landing with the vociferous good wishes of the crowd. They were unaffected; this was by no means their first experience. They had set out under similar circumstances many times before.

Alternately paddling and floating they made their first camp at Six Mile Island, but the two days following saw them much farther ahead with the help of a good breeze and a sail.

Grand Rapids presented the first difficulty. Instead of taking advantage of the tram-way across the portage (which would have necessitated much shifting of provisions) Calloway and McRae decided to run the Rapids—they being expert rivermen. Half way down, Jack, who was bowman, struck an ugly rock and the canoe would have capsized but for the skill and presence of mind of Calloway. These two qualities were without doubt valuable assets for a man of his calling, but their worth was somewhat counterbalanced by an

CALLOWAY'S STREAM OF EXPLETIVES CONTINUED UNTIL THEY REACHED A [illegible]

exceedingly bad temper, which vented itself at this point.

His stream of expletives continued until they reached a less turbulent spot where he gathered himself for a final outburst

"If you can't do better than that," he thundered, embroidering his speech with curses, "I'll be wishin' I had left you behind, you moonias, and have took that feller from Edmonton who was so dead set on goin'."

The injustice of the attack stung and Jack retorted,

"You ain't *bringin'* me! Whose notion was this whole outfit? *Mine*!" He thumped himself on the chest. "And who knows the country? *Me*! Why, you great big slob, where will you be when we pass Simpson, if I don't take you by the hand and lead you?"

Realising the aptness of this query Calloway forebore an answer; McRae also relapsed into sullenness and they did not thrash out the quarrel with hot words or with fists as had once been their custom. Instead, each harbored a grudge against the other for speaking unpleasant truth and bad feeling for the first time crept into this ill-assorted partnership.

The journey continued monotonously down the river, past McMurray, Chippewyan, and on by Fort Smith to Resolution.

At each of these settlements they looked anxiously for rosy news of the Liard gold find. But in spite of disappointment in this respect, in spite of the vague and indefinite information they received, determination to follow their journey to the end was strong. For they belonged to the type of man so common in that country, whose greed for gold leads him through untold hardship, miles from his fellow beings, upon the slightest rumour and far beyond the reach of human assistance.

The wait during the month of June at Fort Resolution was tedious, for although the Great Slave Lake was not usually free from drifting ice until July, it had been known to open sooner and both McRae and his partner had hoped that this year would see an early thaw.

The second week in July came before they started. Their long delay had whetted their desire for the promised land almost to the breaking point. Paddling unceasingly night and day they eventually reached Fort Simpson where the first view of the river which was to make them millionaires was obtained. It was at Simpson that their ardour was decidedly dampened, for absolutely no report of gold had been brought in by the Indians, and the Simpson settlers thought the two prospectors worse than crazy to [illegible] the winter up on the Liard

A few minutes' persuasion would have satisfied McRae that his chase was a wild one and he would have been content to return to the south. But Calloway, goaded almost to frenzy by delays and disappointments, grew stubborn and claimed that he saw trickery in the silence about Liard gold; he insisted that they push on, for, said he,

"We've never come out loser yet, have we? And it's a funny thing that all the people around Edmonton there is gold yonder, and the Indians and half breeds won't say nothin' about it."

Jack was timorously dubious; he disliked raising the pitch of Bob's anger.

"Aw, well," sneered the big man, "you go back if you're a mind to, you quitter!" then, as an afterthought he added, "You can go to the devil, too, for all I care—I'm a-goin' on!"

"There ain't no reason for you to talk like that, Bob," answered the other, "I ain't no quitter, either. You can eat that! I'm goin' with you, all right, only from what I can hear, they ain't nothin' to it."

Unconsciously, McRae slipped into his own place, after very brief opposition, and submitted to the stronger will. From that moment everything which Calloway said, went.

Two weeks upon the Liard failed to put them in possession of any great find, but they did not turn back, there was excitement in the chase, and eventually they went up so far, that they were faced by the certainty of spendi[illegible] the winter there. The last south-bo[illegible] boat would leave Fort Simpson before they could make the trip back.

By November both Calloway and McRae had a few small "tails" of gold, but the past weeks of searching convinced them that the precious metal was not to be found in paying quantities. In any event the chill of the day urged them to leave gold washing for the time, and set about building a shack for the winter.

Game was plentiful, and this not only augured well for their physical comfort but by trapping they could make something out of a venture which proved a failure from a prospector's standpoint. So they built their shack and set their traps, not forgetting a strychnine bait for wolves upon which the government pays a bounty.

About this time the mail carrier passed on his way to the Arctic—thus breaking the last link which bound them to human intercourse until the spring, which means in that country, July.

For a couple of months the weekly round of a forty-mile circuit to their traps proved a timely diversion; fur was plentiful and a few wolves had unsuspiciously eaten the strychnine flavored meat. But toward February a cold snap accompanied by fierce wind struck them—the thermometer only stopping on reaching the sixty-five below mark, and this bad weather confined them to the shack.

During the first week cards were an interesting pastime; the second found Calloway and little McRae trying to invent games or to improve ones they had known. From daylight until dark they sat in the cramped house, if the crude structure built out of unsquared timber can be so dignified in the name with no variation other than cooking their food

After another fortnight a subtle change crept into the isolated sha the men lay in their blankets most of the day, each begrudging the performance of the ordinary tasks which hitherto had been cheerfully undertaken by them in turn. If Calloway went out to bring in some wood, he inwardly cursed his partner who had the pleasant job of cooking the dinner; if McRae went for water—a pail full of snow—he felt certain that his partner had so managed that he, himself, could escape this disagreeable duty

Gradually the brunt of the work fell upon the little man, until one day he ventured a sharp protest. It happened in this way; Calloway rising from his bunk saw that the water pail was empty. "You might, at least, have filled it in the shack," he growled

"Huh! If you want water, you might get it fer yerself—I've done all of my share durin' the past three days

"I thought I was sick I've been, without me a-tellin'," muttered Bob, in an aggrieved voice, and falling heavily back on the bunk

"Not too sick to set up an' take nourishment reg'lar," commented the other without deep sympathy. He did not put excuses past his partner, where work was concerned

"All right, sir! If you talk like that I'll get up an' cook the grub, sick as I am, s'long's the extry work's fallin' so heavy on you!" Calloway flung back at him.

"Start right in with yer own, then," suggested McRae tauntingly. "None of yer messes fer me, thanks!" He banged the door after him as he went out with the water pail

Perhaps he had meant to forget the quarrel, perhaps not; however, circumstances forced him to remember it, for upon returning to the shack, he found Calloway helping himself to tobacco from *his* tin.

The sight enraged him; dozens of instances flashed before him of times

he had been sent outside upon various pretexts, and during those moments Bob had without doubt been "stealing off him!" It might not only [illegible] other! [illegible] the "loan" had been [illegible] heaven could not have [illegible] to believe

"Drop it!" he commanded, sharply letting a blast of icy wind blow in "You sneakin' hound, you! You put me on the dirty work while you loafed like a lord, and help yerself to my tobacco an

"I'm takin' what's lawfully mine," snarled Calloway furious at McRae for coming back; it was perfectly plain [illegible] expected him and [illegible] purpose." "You [illegible] you did! This time last week my back was up to here [illegible] designated a particular [illegible] with a sore thumb—"an' now look [illegible] Where's it gone to, I want to know?"

Jack turned chalky white; he had never been in the shack alone without working hard for Calloway. He had

never lain around idle and inert like his partner. He set the pail of snow down and his hand almost without his own volition sought for and found his revolver. Anger blazed from his eyes, but his voice was low, so low that it sounded unfamiliar to Calloway.

"Drop it, Bob," coaxed McRae, "an' eat them words, you liar!" Bob looked into the muzzle, dropped the tobacco and laughed a little uncertainly. At the same time his eye never wavered from the muscles 'n Jack's hand

"Don't carry on so, Jack," he said, "can't you take a joke?"

"I can take a joke all right, all right," Jack replied grimly, "but you can't take my tobacco!"

Their reversed positions ate like a canker into Calloway's soul. Never, in all their acquaintance had Jack McRae dictated to him! His opinions or advice had been taken or discarded as Calloway saw fit; his ill-temper, shortlived though it was, vanished after a word or two from the big man. But now, in every sentence Jack uttered his partner fancied he detected a subtle reference to their changed conditions, he fancied that Jack still held the gun over him, metaphorically speaking. To be accused of laziness instead of being sympathized with, to be accused of stealing when he was asserting his authority and doing what he had often done before, and last of all to be ill, so ill that he feared to let the extent of his malady be known to McRae—this burned into his smarting wounds like fire

Through the long still night these bitter thoughts rankled; resentment and anger and fear coupled with a very real pain kept him from sleeping, and the sound of Jack's regular breathing so frenzied him that he seriously weighed the pain of rising and striking the sleeper, against the agony of lying inert all night listening to those heedless snores. This state of affairs continued for a week; each night ended in an uneasy sleep made hideous with dreadful dreams. Invariably, Calloway saw McRae cunningly gather their joint savings and resources before deserting him, and he, a helpless caricature of a man could only shriek curses after the retreating form which made a black blot upon the endless wastes of untracked snow.

Obsessed by these thoughts when he awoke one morning he lost no time in making sure that his possessions were safe. Until the meaning of this inventory dawned upon him, McRae looked upon his partner with tolerant speechlessness. Then a murderous rage burst over him! He advanced upon Calloway savagely and stopped!

Bob's arm was black with scurvy!

Bit by bit it dawned upon McRae; Bob's lack of ambition, his shrinking from the snow laden draughts and his terror of the colder ice breathing winds which sought out the cracks; his shirking of the daily tasks, his increasing moodiness and irritability. What McRae had mistaken for laziness was pestilent illness and his anger melted suddenly into remorse and deep compassion.

"How do you feel, old boy?" he asked awkwardly, groping for a means to bury past differences.

The words had a sinister significance to Calloway. He immediately read in them Jack's realization of his helplessness and his satisfaction in the knowledge.

All day he brooded over this and repelled any advances the younger man made, distorting his sympathy into malignity, searching amongst his dark suspicions for a malevolent motive in this sudden friendliness.

Jack felt his partner's hostility and tried harder to break the barrier of distrust; and so they played at cross purposes for two days.

The following morning Calloway was alarmingly worse, and heedless of the hardship of a lonely journey to the nearest settlement—Fort Simpson—Jack resolved to make the trip and secure assistance. His idea to procure men and dog teams and remove Bob to the Fort where he could have proper medical attention. Scurvy in an advanced state will not cure itself.

Unfortunately the humoring of Bob these last few days had resulted in being turned over to him for "safe keeping" all their valuables and money, and money Jack was obliged to have for the purposes of his journey.

He broached the subject of his resolve hesitatingly.

"I reckon you'll need a little help from Simpson, Bob," he began, "an' a little exercise will put new life into me!"

"It's about time you thought of it," growled Calloway not understanding the purpose he had in mind.

"I could get to the Fort an' back in about a week, "McRae went on, intent upon his project and not realizing what effect his words were having upon the sick man, but I'll need some money."

Craven fear amounting to madness kept Bob dumb; suddenly he saw his dream coming true—saw himself deserted by his partner and left to die a loathsome death like a rat in a hole. But with the cunning which is associated with insanity he controlled himself and asked evenly,

"What d'you want money for?"

Relieved that he had taken to the project kindly, McRae answered eagerly

"Why, for medicine an' stuff, an' to buy dog feed [illegible] of [illegible] back with me to carry you in. I can fix up the shack an' the grub, here you'll manage first rate till I get back

"Get back?" shrieked Calloway, unable to restrain his terror, "get back? You ain't a notion of comin' [illegible] You needn't think I am that big a [illegible] I know you—you're plannin' to [illegible] me, an' an rob me, an' to leave me [illegible] to die like an Indian [illegible] hound! But by G— I'll show [illegible] he continued wildly, raising his [illegible] swollen and blackened arm, [illegible] you'll die too! Take that, [illegible]

The revolver fell from Cal[illegible] hand, having first done its work. [illegible] McRae's body made two or [illegible] senseless contortions and then [illegible] quite still

Cold sweat broke out [illegible] way and he looked [illegible] remained [illegible] before him; the neck [illegible] under the shoulders and the arms [illegible] loosely out upon the greasy [illegible]

As he looked Bob Ca[illegible] lest it should turn and th[illegible] face which was [illegible]

He waited to [illegible] while, leaning half out of his [illegible] bunk; alternately he hoped [illegible] would, and dreaded lest it [illegible] move. Once he wondered i[illegible] Surely the body heaved!

He fainted!

Hours later when he re[illegible] consciousness the shack was [illegible] Bob, lying in a dazed state w[illegible] vaguely wh[illegible] Remembran[illegible] horror roused the blankets of [illegible]

Daylight was an added torture [illegible] the [illegible] he had [illegible] would [illegible] and know [illegible] but being [illegible] coaxed [illegible] strength not to look. But [illegible] drew his gaze with fatal [illegible] itself and the daylight was [illegible] the night.

Although Calloway had no [illegible] regarding his serious [illegible] resolved that he would rise and [illegible] the body from the shack, no [illegible] what the effort cost him. Beside, he must have food and water, to say nothing of fire.

Weakly pushing back the blankets he put his feet to the floor and tried to stand. The effort was tragic in its futility—scurvy does its work thor-[illegible]

Twice during the day he made the attempt and failed, the failure forcing another aspect of his position upon him. He could not reach the wood, the food or the water; the cold was

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The Girl Who "Got There"

By Edward C. Moore

ALTHOUGH Helen Stanley had sung in 'Cendrillon' the part of Prince Charming, and knows by heart the wistful fairy-tale, nobody ever waved a fairy godmother's wand over her. The nearest thing to a godmother she ever saw was Mary Garden, who came to her last spring as the special train bearing the wearied Grand Opera Company was pulling out of Dallas on its way west, and asked, "Miss Stanley, would you like to sing with me in 'Natoma'?"

Miss Stanley's heart turned over suddenly; but she responded with brevity, "I should be very glad."

"Do you know the role of Barbara?" inquired Miss Garden.

Miss Stanley's heart sank into her boo "I do not," she admitted. But the fairygodmother didn't seem disturbed.

"Well, can you learn it in three days?" said she. "I am sorry that the notice is so short, but we are going to give the opera the second night we are in Los Angeles, and Carolina White," the former incumbent of the role, "is away on a concert tour Can you do it?"

"I can," said Miss Stanley.

And so the matter was settled. Miss Stanley disappeared into her stateroom, first sending out word that the social diversions of the trainload of artists held no attraction for her, and that she was on no account to be disturbed. Then she applied herself to a study of the role

MISS HELEN STANLEY,
The prima donna who is singing grand opera in Montreal this season

At the end of the appointed three days she appeared on the Los Angeles stage and gave a performance of Barbara which the critics of that city without dissenting voice hailed as flawless

That is a specimen of the way she has gone through her artistic career. She puts little belief in luck as an element of success, for luck, except the kind of luck which always attends talent and industry in every walk of life, has had little share in her development. In fact, the fates have not always been kind to her, and there have been times when she thought that life was rather hard and uncertain. What never failed her was a large amount of grit and an indefatigable determination to "make good."

Helen Stanley was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her family name is McGrew. She is the daughter of William Wilson McGrew, a well to do business man. Even as a child her voice showed remarkable sweetness and purity As she grew to be a young girl her voice took on even more lovely qualities, and her parents decided that her talent should be cultivated. Her voice quickly responded to the training

At the suggestion of Mrs. Philip D. Armour, a wealthy woman who has played fairy godmother to more than one aspiring young artist Helen went to Chicago in 1905 and began serious study of the art of singing with Mrs. Johanna Hess-Burr. Only fifteen years old at the time, it was only a few months before she became the soloist at the University Congregational Church. She studied incessantly, perfecting her German, French, and Italian, and spending several hours each day on her voice. Results came quickly; she became known throughout the city as the possessor of unusual talent

The next year she went to New York, where she continued her studies with Isadore Luckstone. She sought and found another church position, that of soloist in St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church. At that time she was the youngest church soloist in New York. She remained three years

Her studies then carried her to Paris, where she came under the tuition of the well known specialist, Frank King Clark. After six months' work with him there arrived the engagement which is always one of the milestones in a singer's life, her operatic debut

The event was accomplished at Versailles, as Mimi, the heroine of Puccini's opera, "La Boheme." Miss Stanley made an undeniable "hit" in the part, and the opera was given twice more that week

Bidding a temporary farewell to the glamour of per-

Continued on page 127

The Heel of Achilles

by

W. Lacey Amy.

Illustrations by J. A. Bayne.

WARRY MANSELL lounged back in his Morris chair, looking thoughtfully over his finger tips into the blazing grate. That in itself was significant. For Warry was a bachelor, and few bachelors stop to think—and remain bachelors. Ordinarily the thoughtful bachelor possesses a past, or wants one. But Warry Mansell had no past worth recalling, and no future worth picturing.

An uninteresting life, Warry's, to talk about, but, according to Warry, a very satisfactory one to live. Physically he was supremely content. In all his imagination there was nothing to tempt him from his two-roomed suite. Solitude in a Morris chair before a fire of cannell coal, and surrounded by a wall of sectional book cases, was unshared bliss. Years of untormented happiness had livened his sense of luxury, and Suite 52, Warwick Apartments, told of its gratification. A five year lease was to Warry the acme of felicity and comfort, the limit of his desires.

On any other day than the second before Christmas Warry could honestly have assured you that he was just as comfortable mentally as physically. Vocally he would not have excepted that day, but—well, that's where his present attitude belied him. Without a past or a future worth recording, there was a present—two long hours on the second night before Christmas of every year—when Warry's otherwise undeviating line of content wavered a little.

Around the tabourette which he used as a footstool, lay a disarray of books and magazines. By that litter the apartment house maid was assured the following morning of an evening spent at home. After a night in, the symptom of a replaced magazine would have alarmed the girl. But with his evening newspaper the case was different. In the midst of a diffusion of book and magazine, it had been a bachelor rule of his—the most infrangible kind—carefully to fold his paper when he had completed the page of sports and place it thus on the under shelf of the tabourette. It was the last half of the rule that the maid as carefully transferred it in the morning to the wastepaper basket. Failure on her part would have justified complaint of inattention; on his would have brought timid enquiry concerning his health.

To-night the abnormal condition of a bachelor's thoughtfulness was best exhibiting itself in the condition of his paper. In three distinct and separate sections it lay around his chair, where it had fallen from his hands. Also, the top of the desk beside his elbow was heaped with broken envelopes and creased letter-paper. Plainly it was cause and effect.

They were not love letters; in justice to Warry that must be admitted immediately. He had received love letters, but he never knew it. It required more than the daring of even the modern marriageable maiden to penetrate his bachelor brain. And yet the letters were in female chirography. But Warry's defence was completed by the business letter-head on each. And such headings as "The Sick Children's Hospital," "The Old Folks' Home," "The Convalescent Hospital" on letters dated at Christmas time betrayed the gist of their contents. All these institutions knew Warry. To the wealthy such charities provide a simple means of satisfying Christmas inclinations and traditions without altering any scheme of life. Warry's Christmas, therefore, came two days before the red figures on the calendar, about the time the plum puddings and spiced roasts took the place of tarts and red meats in the show windows. For it was then he read and reread the acknowledgments of his gifts of previous years and decided how to re-earn them through the blank checks that lay before him.

We who have graduated from bachelor self-deception know the signs of that thoughtful gaze over finger tips into a blazing grate. Warburton Mansell was *not* supremely content. He knew the checks before him were doomed not to satisfy the ideas of Christmas that persisted in clinging to him through all these years. He didn't know why, he could even argue beautifully with his instincts that nothing was lacking. But, you know, instincts are feminine, and above argument. Warry, being a bachelor and never really having understood women, was not aware of this.

One letter in particular would not yield to argument. The superintendent of the Hospital for Incurable Children, being a mere wayward woman, was unable to follow the government-surveyed roadway of a bachelor's mind. She had stepped aside for a moment from the formal path of thankfulness in her acknowledgment of Warry's check, and had tripped into a little by-path were Warry could not follow her. What's more, he didn't want to; he wouldn't. She had broken the custom of beneficiaries, and, just because she was so heterodox, Warry was irritated. He wouldn't wander with her. No, indeed! But he couldn't help straining his eyes a little to keep her in sight. She had walked along beside him to the extent of due thanks, and she had stepped so daintily and prettily that Warry was keenly conscious of her deviation when she branched off.

This woman had actually suggested that the addition of his presence to his gift would make the latter a joy as well as a benefaction. Later she had persisted in her waywardness by hinting that Warry himself missed the real joy of Christmas by confining his gifts to the inanimate part of his resources

And Warry tried to hold up his head stiffly and argue. He tried to sustain himself by a consciousness of his orthodoxy. He knew nothing of children—he, a bachelor. Only in his pocket was there community of interest with kiddies. That was common sense, he said. He knew no better; he was a bachelor from inclination

The telephone at his elbow tinkled sharply. Warry grabbed the letters and crammed them into a drawer before he took down the receiver. His "yes" was a ludicrous mixture of the business man occupied with his morning mail and of the gentleman unable to protest at outrageous interruption.

His face brightened when he recognized who was speaking; and as he listened and answered, listened and answered, a peculiar play of feeling flitted across his face, a flicker that was breaking new lines and creases. And when he hung up the receiver he was happier. You could tell that by the carefully folded paper that lay in its accustomed place on the lower shelf of the tabourette a few minutes later Then he sat back again and allowed himself the liberty of thought without self-consciousness. Warry was breaking all the rules of bachelorhood that night—because some of them had been broken for him.

That telephone message had been his first Christmas invitation since he had attained to the dignity of independent bachelorhood; and there was in it the surprise of a pleasant little by-way opening invitingly from the beaten track. Jack Lester, a friend with whom he ate a daily grape-fruit at the club, had included his wife in a request for Warry's presence at their home on the following evening, Christmas eve. Warry tried to drown the consciousness of a new smile at the corners of his mouth. The personal touch craved by the superintendent of the Hospital for Incurable Children was coming into his own Christmas.

Having digested the new feeling in three minutes he picked up his book, settled himself in the position long experience had proven best for light and comfort, and forgot things in general until the silence of the phonograph overhead announced bedtime

At the club next day he ate his grape fruit alone. Lester always made a holiday of the day before Christmas. Last year Warry had been lonesome on that day, but before him now was a new celebration, his first real Christmas eve. He revelled in the feeling without stopping to analyze it, for fear that wonderful common sense of his would dispel it

At four he left the office, walked over to a department store, and began to shift the worries of Christmas buying to the shoulders of overloaded clerks He had only a vague idea of the extent of Lester's family. He could remember a bang-up dinner Lester had given at the club more than a year ago to celebrate the latest arrival. And somewhere in his memory he scraped up an old argument between Lester and another papa concerning the merits of a boarding school for girls of twelve or thirteen. Beyond that he could collect but the frayed edges of smart sayings of youngsters at various ages and degrees of development

He felt certain of covering all the possibilities between one year and thirteen by ten presents. Ten could be divided between three or four, but reverse the numbers and—give up all hope of another invitation.

So, starting with a pair of shoe buckles set with brilliants—a suggestion of the saleslady's—and an Irish lace collar—an idea of his own upon which he dwelt to the weariness of the clerk—he ran through a varied list of hair-ribbons, dolls, a teddy bear, a jack-knife, a toy flying-machine, a steamboat that ran on water and a foot-ball. He ended with a silver and ivory rattle. By the time he had completed the list he was so proud that at least three items of it had originated in his own brain that the saleslady was peevishly sorry she had made a suggestion

Chuckling along those new lines in his face he managed to board a car homeward, piled to the hat with parcels. Passengers stepped on his toes, dug their elbows into his unpro-

ARE YOU SURE IT'S ME YOU WANT? KNOCKED JACK LESTER "IF IT'S A CON GAME
TAKE YOU HOME FOR THE KIDS TO PLAY WITH

tected sides, and pushed him helplessly about. But so long as they did not crush his bundles those new lines never relaxed.

Two hours later, when he had settled his white tie into a bow that almost satisfied him, it came to him with a sudden, panicky gasp that he knew no more of the location of Lester's residence than that it was somewhere in the west end. A woman would have relieved the situation via the telephone book. Being a man, and a bachelor, he could think only of the directory in the drug store across the corner. Anyway, he had to get flowers there for Mrs. Lester.

When Warry Mansell stepped from the elevator of the Warwick Apartments and picked his way carefully down the front steps to the street, there was little opportunity for doubting his errand. Ten Christmassy parcels in clean white tissue paper and red baby ribbon wonderfully tied, with holly and Santa Claus stickers as conspicuous ornaments, gave him something of the appearance of a modern Santa whose wife has neglected her duties of the night in a suffrage discussion down town. His opera hat clung precariously to the back of his head to leave room for the brow that any man expects to be warm under such conditions. The parcels had been disposed throughout his arms with studied care, and a loop from each to a desperate finger assured their safety.

While the drug clerk was tying the new, awkward parcel of roses, Santa Claus consulted the directory under conditions that were unfavorable to reliable search. Over the top of the load he found the name of "Jack Lester," and to the best of his ability followed a straight line to the address "338 Hoskin Street." Twenty minutes later he stepped from the street car, a mussed-up, dishevelled Santa, but proud of the provision he had made in those loops from his parcels. He was surprisingly happy. He had chuckled into the faces of the tumbling crowd, calmly letting his parcels drop one by one to dangle from the loops, and now only the parcel of flowers remained above his arms. The effect was a little bizarre, but it seemed to give Warry lots of satisfaction.

Hoski Street gave him a shock. It did not impress Warry with respect for his friend's judgment, for it was dark and not overclean, and the houses were evidently of the middle-working-class style. And 338 was no different from the rest.

The darkness of the house was another surprise. Except for a faint glimmer from a room beyond, the hall was unlighted, and the feeble tinkle that came from a bell far back in the house added to Warry's misgivings.

On the instant four tousled heads arrived together in the open doorway at the back of the hall. The scramble to get through was forcibly interrupted by a larger girl of thirteen or fourteen who made a way for herself by simply dragging back the whole four. Then she stepped into the hall and shut off the light by pulling the door after her. A flicker of light was applied to a lamp on a small table, and then the front door opened a few inches.

"Is—is your father in?" asked Warry, in confusion.

The little girl looked him up and down at her leisure before she answered. Then her eyes settled back on the dangling parcels.

"No, sir. He ain't in now, but he promised to be back in a little while."

She evidently wished it to be distinctly understood that she assumed no responsibility for her father's promises.

"This is where Mr. Lester lives, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. Though mother says she don't know how soon we'll have to move again."

Warry's eyes puckered in surprise. "May I see your mother, then, little girl?"

The girl opened the door wide enough for him to enter, her eyes all the time fixed on the parcels. Warry stepped into the bare hall and followed the girl into the plain and rather bare front room. Then the girl left him and a moment later the visitor heard two people pass quietly up the front stairs. Evidently Mrs. Lester was not prepared for company. There certainly was some mistake, but he could only await the older woman's appearance for enlightenment.

"THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO," MURMURED MRS. LESTER. "HE'S SO POPULAR WITH THE BOYS, JACK IS. A LOT TO CHRISTMAS EVE

Gradually as he waited he became conscious of a spasmodic, semi-subdued whispering behind a pair of folding doors leading to a room behind. Consultation, dispute and curiosity rose and fell in children's voices. Suddenly the doors rattled sharply, and a narrow crack grew between them, slowly widening in little jerks until Warry could look into another bare room beyond.

There was intense silence for several seconds. Then two hands with fat fingers came around the edge of one of the doors and took a tight hold. Immediately a regular shaking of the door, and as regular a loosening and renewal of the hold, told of someone tugging desperately at the owner of the fingers.

Warry began to be interested. Nothing but the fingers had appeared as yet, and they were having a strenuous time to keep in sight. Slowly the fingers secured a stouter hold, and Warry set his teeth in sympathy for a more energetic pull. That must have helped some, for a tousled head of fair hair bobbed in and out of sight over the fingers, followed by a chubby face, red with exertion but otherwise oblivious of the opposition.

Warry stamped his feet in applause and smiled at the face and fingers. The head kept going and coming in

obedience and resistance to the tugging of someone unseen, but always advancing a little further at each re-entry. At last, without an answering smile to Warry's widening beams, it spoke.

"Why"—jerk—"didn't you"—jerk—"come down the chimley ?"

The unseen tugs ceased, as if the worst had already happened. There was a scramble. The body belonging to the head dropped suddenly into view, and three other children—two boys and a girl—crowded for the opening. But Chubby Face had the advantage and continued to hold it by planting himself squarely between the doors. Warry smiled encouragement.

"Why didn't you come down the chimley, Santa ?" persisted the boy.

The man began to understand. First of all he laughed—laughed out loud with those new lines and creases in a way that would have startled his friends. Then he began to feel a little bit startled; likewise foolish and uncomfortable. His Christmases had never been specially noted for their laughs. But he couldn't lose sight of the situation and the laugh came again. His opera hat dropped to the floor and rolled around in wobbly circles.

Chubby Face did not repeat the question, but he kept his eyes on Warry's face and waited for the answer he knew would come as soon as these preliminaries of this very funny Santa Claus were completed.

"Well, you see," began Warry, a wave of giggles running over him, followed by a panicky hope that his answer would fit the situation—"you see, I'm getting too fat to crawl down that little 'chimley' with this load. It isn't often I've so much for one house."

Chubby Face stepped boldly into the room and eyed the parcels speculatively.

"Got anything to eat ?" nodding at the parcels.

"No," admitted Warry shamefacedly, vowing to know better thereafter. "That's coming in the next load. But"—he winked impressively at the boy— "I've something else you want more than that."

"Nothin' better'n eats," firmly declared the boy, "'less—'less it's a flyin' machine."

Warry's smile came so sudden and wide that the new lines found it hard to get into action on such short notice.

"Little boys sometimes get what they want if they're good," he declared knowingly.

Only the smallest lad appeared to be impressed by such triteness.

"If me dood, me det sumpin ?" he enquired timidly.

Warry bent his head speculatively. "Now, that depends. What would you like best of anything ?"

"Teddy Bauh !" shouted the youngster, dropping his sister's dress with unheard of rashness.

Warry blinked. He looked down doubtfully at one of the largest parcels dangling from his fingers. And then he laughed. And the parcels rustled and scraped each other, and bumped into the rungs of the chair. He knew that parcel of teddy bear too well; it had insisted in getting between his knees as he walked.

"Would it be a teddy bear with long, brown fur, and legs that twist all round, and a head that nods, eh, what ?" And he nodded his head violently. Then he broke into a sudden perspiration at the awful test to which he had put his selection.

"Santa's dot it. Santa's dot it," shrieked the little fellow, clapping his hands and hopping on one foot.

"You just trust your uncle Santa," exclaimed Warry, with an exaggerated wink.

The older boy, a shade taller than Chubby Face, began to see possibilities that demanded immediate encouragement. He stepped before his brothers, shoved his hands fiercely in his pockets and braced himself on spread legs.

"I want a jack-knife and a football," he demanded bluntly.

The make-believe Santa looked startled. It wasn't fear of the boy. Oh, no ! He was just afraid he'd wake up. Then the new lines, by this time more accustomed to use, lent their services. Warry got up from the chair and laughed. He ran around it and sat down again with a crash of laughter. Plainly he was enjoying himself and making up for lost time. Of a sudden he sobered and tried to feel the bundles as best he could with his hands and knees; he was going to make sure before he let loose again.

"Dear, dear !" he rippled. "Anything funny about that knife, now ? Has it—"

"A pearl handle and two blades. And the football's big's that," with a rounding of his hands.

The improvised Santa bubbled and chortled and sparkled with mirth. "That's them to a T." he declared in reckless English.

Then he got up and tried a trick he hadn't done for years. He placed his foot in the brim of his opera hat, gave it a sudden flip upwards, and landed it over one ear but on his head.

And right then, while Santa was looked extravagantly bizarre and the children were grinning with joy at his new trick, a tall, pale, tired woman came through the hall door, a weary sadness around her eyes that sobered Warry in an instant

"Is this"—embarrassed cough—"Mrs. Lester ?" he enquired.

"It is," very soberly.

"Mrs. Jack Lester ?"

"Yes."

"But your husband—he's not Lester of Lester & Hammond, is he ?"

The woman smiled. "My husband works in the foundry on Mason Street. I'm sorry—I've kept you. You're in the wrong house." Her eyes were fixed on the dangling parcels and on the happy anticipation of the children.

"It's not the Lester I was looking for," admitted Warry thoughtfully. "But it's the Lester I wanted, I think."

In fact he was sure of it. He remembered the football, and the teddy bear, and the flying machine and knife. He was so sure of it that he promptly went off into peals of laughter, the parcels bumping and crackling and rustling. The woman looked on in half-laughing embarrassment.

"Excuse—excuse me, Mrs. Lester," chuckled the man. "I never had so much fun. I'm not so crazy as I'm acting. I'm Santa Claus, you see. I've just been meeting your children." Then a look of bewilderment swept over his face. "By Jove !" he muttered. "It's Christmas Eve ! Never caught me like that before. Kind o' touching a new spot, you know, being a real Santa Claus."

The woman's face softened. "You're someone's Santa Claus," she said, pointing at the tissue-paper bundles. Then she stiffened as stranger to stranger. "You'll find a directory at the drug store on the corner. You've got the wrong address."

But Warry wasn't interested in the directory. "I guess I just thought I was looking for some other Lester, but—Providence has funny ways." He stepped closer to the woman. "These parcels are for your children; I've promised them. You wouldn't have Santa Claus break his promises, would you ? And"—his voice was full of pleading—"I've never been a real Santa Claus before. It's even my first real Christmas."

The woman smiled sadly, and the struggle in her face caught the man's attention.

"I don't believe it's much of a Christmas for you," he said, hesitating lest he should overstep the border of their short acquaintance.

The woman made no answer but turned her head that her trouble might not reveal itself.

"It's your husband." For a bachelor Warburton Mansell was progressing. "I'd like to be your Santa Claus, too, if I could." The dangling parcels one by one were dropping from his fingers unnoticed

"There's nothing—you can do," murmured the woman. "He—he—I've been expecting him home for an hour. He's out buying the children's presents, and—and sometimes he—

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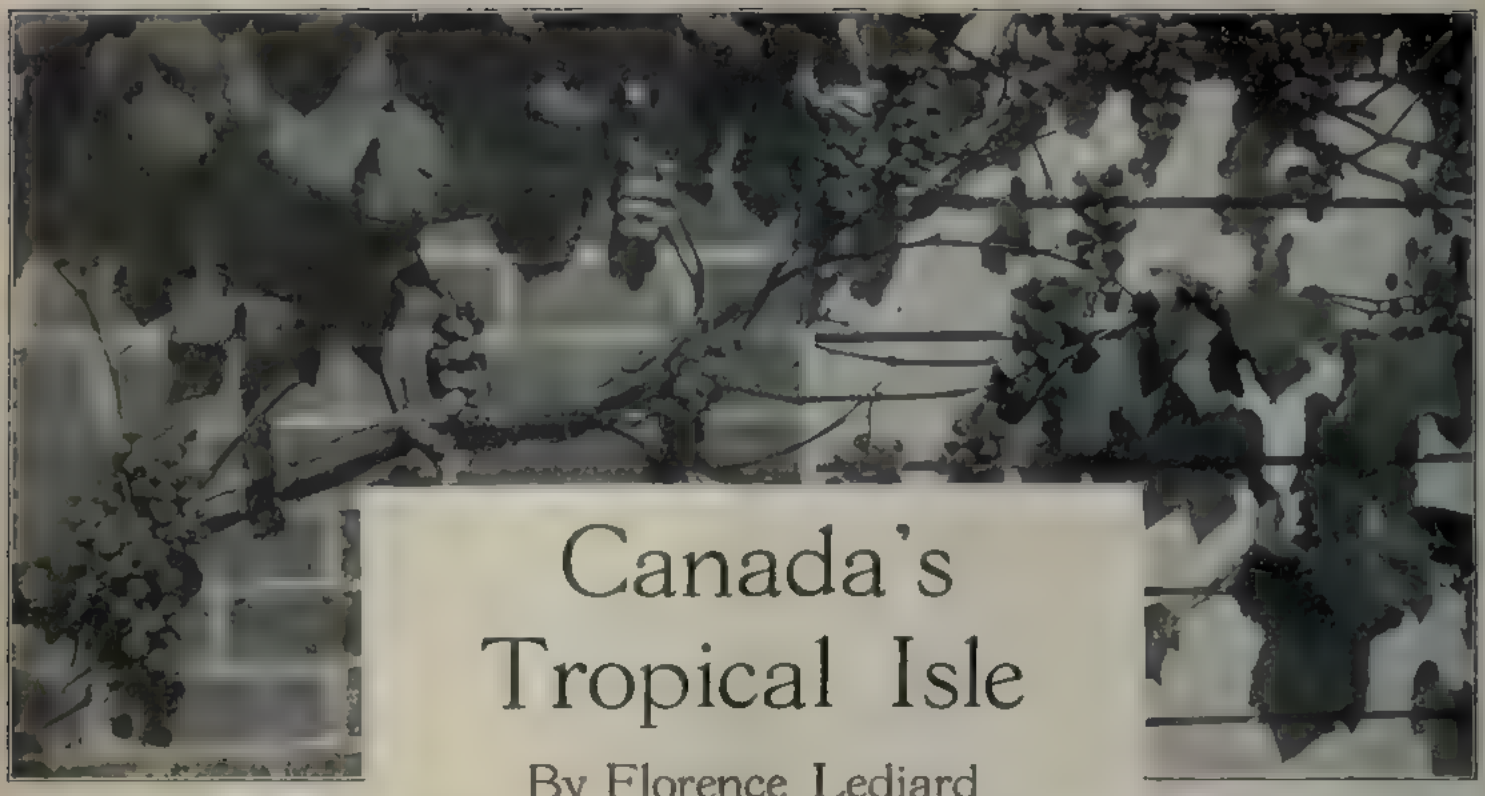


Canada's Tropical Isle

By Florence Lediard

Illustrated from Photographs

"WE grow peanuts, sweet potatoes, broom corn, quinces, peaches, tobacco, Catawba grapes—"

"Hold on! I thought you said you lived in Canada."

"Yes."

"Nonsense! Even a real estate agent wouldn't tell fairy tales like that, and you aren't trying to sell anything. Where *do* you live?"

"On Pelee Island Do you want to hear about it?"

"If you went to any little old red schoolhouse in Ontario in your youth, you learned the islands of the Great Lakes the same term that you struggled with the counties and county-towns along Lake Huron, along Georgian Bay and chanted 'Essex-Sandwich: Kent-Chatham; Norfolk-Simcoe." all together on review day. It was in that third-book year you learned Pelee Island's name, and the chances are that you have not heard it since unless you live along the shores of Lake Erie. Whatever may have been your ignorance in the past there will be no excuse for it in the future for little Pelee is coming into her own after years of comparative obscurity. Indeed, my own ignorance, barring those geography lessons more years ago than is good to think about, lasted up to a recent summer's vacation

Look on your map of Ontario, and in Lake Erie you will find it—a little plot of land eight or nine miles from north to south and about three or four wide. It is fifteen miles from the Canadian mainland, twenty-five from the Ohio shore and five hours' most pleasant sail from Windsor and Detroit.

It labors under an unceremonious nickname. The French half-breed voyageurs and trappers, paddling their laden canoes in the early days the length of the Great Lakes to Montreal, called it Point au Pelee Island, a more dignified and musical name but a sad misnomer, for "Pelee" means "barren," and if there is one thing Pelee *isn't*, it is *that*. The error arose from giving the same name to the island that they had already given to the ragged, sandy point straggling out from the Canadian mainland where they often camped at night. Barren it surely was and is and may ever I

Up to 1788, the Indians—Chippewas and Ottawas mostly—had undisturbed possession of the island, but in that year, as learned from a record still extant, it became the property of one Thomas McKee, a gift from the chiefs of the Lake Erie tribes. That the gift might be binding, it was put in the form of a lease, conveying the island - some 11,000 acres—to McKee for 999 years. the annual rent to be "three bushels of Indian corn, or the value thereof, on demand."

There are no real estate transactions like that in these degenerate days.

McKee lived till 1815 but it is not known that he made any use of his bountiful gift. His son did not regard it as a very desirable heritage and sold it to William McCormick in 1832 for five hundred dollars. This McCormick's father had been adopted into an Indian tribe, and found his mate in an American girl whom he rescued from another tribe of Indians who had kidnapped her—a thrilling story but too long for this space, as is also the story of the buying by William McCormick from the Indians of a young white couple (great grand-parents of Mr. Gordon Levi of Pelee Island), whom they had stolen

Mr. McCormick's home had been in Essex county, but it was already fairly well settled, and the gentleman had eleven children to provide for. The whole of Pelee for five hundred dollars solved his problem nicely.

Still, 11,000 acres for eleven children, though simple mental arithmetic, did not mean a thousand acres each of cultivated land, for there was about five thousand acres of it apparently permanently under water. Almost the whole centre of the island was marsh, as low as or lower than the lake level, covered with a rank tangle of wild rice, rushes, marsh grasses and wild vines. There were about 2,000 acres of timberland which was also apt to be under water in rainy seasons and the rest was upland, some small extent of which was in the interior, and the rest composed a sandy or rocky rim all round the island, which kept the lake water out and the marsh water in

The best idea you can get of the island is to compare it to a big soup-plate with a wide rim, which rim is ornamented with beautiful trees, lux-

uriant vines, and, in these days, with cosy homes and prosperous red barns set on the white sands. In the bowl of that plate is all delectableness, mostly liquid in those old days,—say oyster soup with an oyster here and there to represent a hump of solid land with its head out of water. For instance, there was a piece of upland of 600 acres, set in a 4,000-acre marsh, so isolated by its moist surroundings that it was, and is yet, called Middle Island, and in its very heart was another marsh of several hundred acres. Pretty lonesome, that, even for oyster soup!

Family strife and an imperfect title kept the eleven from making good use of their land, and prevented settlers from coming to the island to make homes. It was not till 1867 that the difficulties were settled, but Pelee Island's development was retarded thirty years and is just beginning now to recover from the setback.

As soon as patents could be obtained, some settlers came, who discovered that the best varieties of grapes would grow on the sand and limestone. Here the Catawba grape comes to perfection, the only place in Canada where it will ripen perfectly. On the uplands was much good timber, oak, hickory, elm, basswood, maple, ash, and a few groves of real red cedar. Small game was plentiful, and fish also. So, for many years the population consisted of trappers, fishermen, lumbermen, grape growers, with conventional farmers scattered here and there.

In 1878 a man named Brown—an ordinary name but not an ordinary man—came over and bought Middle Island with that soft spot in its heart. There had been several dry seasons and the marsh was high and dry in places.

Mr. Brown sowed some seed thereon and it flourished that year, but the next spring he came back to find his cultivated land two feet under water. He was naturally annoyed but not discouraged and determined to put that marsh out of its destructive business; to reform that swamp and convert it by compulsion, if necessary, to a useful career.

He interested Dr. Scudder, of Cincinnati, in his project, choosing a worthy colleague, for the doctor had made a study of the canal system of Holland. The two bought the big marsh surrounding Middle Island and set to work to drain the whole section. The wet spots were subjected to a process of agricultural surgery that drained off the stagnant fluid by canals to a centre and from there lifted it by steam pumps into the lake.

This achievement is really Pelee Island's biggest event, and history dates back and forward from that victory over nature.

A few years later the township took over the canal system, redredged the ditches then in use and extended the drainage throughout the whole island where there was any marsh. Now there is practically no more swamp, overgrown with grass and vines, but in its place, black soil from one to two feet deep resting on a fine, clay sub-soil and that again laid on a sure foundation of solid limestone. The soil excavated in making the ditches has been levelled slightly and provides good dyke roads along all the canals.

Little Holland it is sometimes called, but there is too much of tropical luxuriance along those dykes to recall tidy Holland. In autumn there is a blaze of wild aster and golden-rod bordering every road, and jewel-weed almost to your shoulders, and back of that young ash and flaming sumach and elderberry bushes, and wild grape or Virginia creeper or convolulus twining wherever there is a bit of space.

Where wild things attain such growth, the cultivated should show proportionate abundance of growth and they do here.

Grape-growing, as the first real attempt at specialized agriculture on the island, should have first mention. A few years ago almost every one had more or less vineyard and tons of grapes were grown and sent to the wine-cellars. All the varieties that will grow anywhere in Canada have been grown here, and, as said before, the luscious Catawba finds here its only congenial Canadian home. But, for some reason, the price of grapes in bulk, fell and fell and kept on falling, till it was below a cent a pound, and Pelee Islanders decided that their splendid soil could be used for some more productive crop, so they turned their vine lands into corn fields and their grape stakes into kindling wood. Still, there are plenty of grapes left for home consumption and some baskets are shipped but not many.

Peaches do excellently but the dreaded San Jose scale has ravaged here, and many orchards have had to be destroyed.

A unique fruit crop is raised by Mr. Colin Quick, who has a thimble-berry patch that is bringing him splendid returns. Perhaps you know the kind,—big, black, shiny mouthfuls of sweetness and delicious flavor—you pay anywhere from eighteen to thirty cents a box for them in Toronto and Winnipeg. Envy me, I've eaten them off the vines on a fine Sunday morning, discarding any berry that wasn't at least an inch long and correspondingly corpulent. Mr. Quick's patch, an acre and a half in extent, gave him $400 profit last year, three years after it was set out, and fair returns for young bushes the year before. He says that a man with four acres of drought-proof marsh and can make a good living by growing black thimble-berries.

Onions make a good crop on small acreage. Here they have run from 400 to 700 bushels to the acre, and the onion market is usually pretty sure, for people will have onions even if the orthodox beefsteak has soared too high to accompany them to the table.

Corn is one of the chief crops. Growing from ten to seventeen feet high, the massed stalks look like a young forest, and the fruitage is correspondingly large. A hundred bushels to the acre is not at all uncommon, and there is a record of 150 bushels that hasn't been touched yet off the island.

But the big money-making crop, the crop that buys new pianos and builds new barns and sends the children

THE PUMPING STATION WHICH HAS TRANSFORMED PELEE FROM A MARSH TO A LEVEL TO A RICH FARM LAND

away to school, is tobacco. Whether one approves entirely of my Lady Nicotine or not, these are some of the results of her as exhibited on Pelee. It is hard work growing tobacco, and steady from early, early spring till well on in October, and even then an ill-ventilated or poorly protected tobacco barn may bring the year's hard work to nothing. Five acres of the plant is calculated to take all of one man's time and he doesn't idle much either. The reward is fair, though, the crop running from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds to the acre and the trust keeps the price up sufficiently—twelve to eighteen cents a pound—to encourage people to plant it every year. Mr. John Lucas is said to have made the record of a ton to the acre on ten or twelve acres for the last three years.

Loyalty is a fine crop on Pelee Island, too. The majority of the people love the place as if it were human. There are very few grouchers, and they do not take kindly to hearing complaints from other people. A recent newcomer made some remarks about his new home that were much resented, a slip of a girl voicing the sentiments of the whole population when she said, "Why, you might as well kill one of us as say mean things about Pelee Island.

The Gifts That Failed

By George Ade

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

MR. SIDNEY PAYSON was full of the bitterness of Christmas-tide. Mr. Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He seldom put the seal of approval on any human undertaking. It was a matter of pride with him that he never failed to find the sinister motive for the act which other people applauded. Some of his pious friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who indicated that it might be bile.

Think of the seething wrath and the sense of humilation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas presents was the most conventional thing that anyone could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of Christmas presents carried with it some testimony of affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any display of affection as one of the crude symptoms of barbarous taste.

If he could have assembled his relatives at a Christmas gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheaply idiotic as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being carried along. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly wished that he could hang crape on every Christmas tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson hated his task and he was puzzled by it. After wandering through two stores and looking in at twenty windows he had been unable to make one selection. It seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were singularly and uniformly inappropriate. The custom of giving was a farce in itself, and the storekeepers had done what they could to make it a sickening travesty. Everybody was out on the street, busy and merry with their Christmas buying, and Mr. Sidney Payson glared resentfully at them.

"I'll go ahead and buy a lot of things at haphazard," he said to himself. "I don't care a hang whether they are appropriate or not."

At that moment he had an inspiration. It was an inspiration which could have come to no one except Mr. Sidney Payson. It promised a speedy end to shopping hardships. It guaranteed him a Christmas to his own liking.

He was bound by family custom to buy Christmas presents for his relatives. He had promised his sister that he would remember every one in the list. But he was under no obligation to give presents which would be welcome. Why not give to each of his relatives some present which would be entirely useless, inappropriate and superfluous? It would serve them right for involving him in the childish performances of the Christmas season. It would be a burlesque on the whole nonsensicality of Christmas giving. It would irritate and puzzle his relatives and probably deepen their hatred of him. At any rate, it would be a satire on a silly tradition, and thank goodness, it wouldn't be conventional.

Mr. Sidney Payson went into the first department store and found himself at the book counter.

"Have you any work which would be suitable for an elderly gentleman of studious habits and deep religious convictions?" he asked.

"We have here the works of Flavius Josephus in two volumes," replied the young woman.

"All right, I'll take them," he said. "I want them for my nephew Fred. He likes Indian stories."

The salesgirl looked at him wonderingly.

"Now, then, I want a love story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Ruskin club and writes essays about Buddhism. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Sir Hector Something or-Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and heaving bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you can possibly get."

"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. "It is called 'Virgie's Betrothal; or The Stranger at Birchwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Sybil Beauclerc."

"If it's what it sounds to be, it's just what I want," said Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here in the store like it?"

"Yes; Miss Simmons, in the handkerchief-box department, says it's just grand."

"Ha! All right, I'll take it."

He felt his happiness rising as he went through the store. The joy shone

in his face as he stood at the skate counter.

"I have a brother who is forty-six years old and rather fat," he said to the salesman. "I don't suppose he's been on the ice in twenty-five years. He wears a No. 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him."

A few minutes later he stood at the silk counter

"What are those things?" he asked, pointing to some gaily colored silks folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."

"Well, if you've got one that has all the colors of the rainbow in it, I'll take it. I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'unobtrusive elegance.' I think she'd rather die than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and noisiest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering

Mr. Payson's sister-in-law is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a buckhorn cork-screw.

There was one more present to buy.

"Let me see," said Mr. Payson "What is there that could be of no earthly use to a girl of six years old?"

Even as he spoke his eye fell on a sign: "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I don't believe she would care for cravats," he said. "I guess I'll buy some for her."

He saw a box of cravats marked "twenty-five cents each"

"Why are those so cheap?" he asked

"Well, to tell the truth, they're out of style."

"That's good. I want eight of them—oh, any eight will do. I want them for a small niece of mine—a little girl about six years old."

Without indicating the least surprise, the salesman wrapped up the cravats

Time passed. Mr. Sidney Payson received the customary acknowledgments. Let us look over his shoulder.

"Dear Brother: Pardon me for not having acknowledged the receipt of your Christmas present. The fact is that since the skates came I have been devoting so much of my time to the re-acquiring of one of my early accomplishments that I have not had much time for writing. I wish I could express to you the delight I felt when I opened the box and saw that you had sent me a pair of skates. It was just as if you had said [illegible], my boy, some people may think you are getting on in years, but I know that you're not." I suddenly remembered that the presents which I have been receiving for several Christmases were intended for an old man. I have received easy-chairs, slippers, neckties, smoking jackets and the like. When I unwrapped the box of skates from you I felt that twenty years had been lifted from my shoulders. How in the world did you ever happen to think of them? Did you really believe that my skating days were not over? Well, they're not. I went down to the pond in the park on Christmas day and worked at it for two hours and I had a lot of fun. My ankles were rather weak and I fell down twice, but without hurting myself, managed to go through the motions, and before I left I skated with a peach of a pretty girl. Sid, I have you to thank. I never would have ventured on skates again if it had not been for you. I was a little stiff yesterday, but this morning I went out again and had a dandy time. I owe his acquaintance to you. I thank you very much and believe me to be, as ever your first-mate brother,

"WILLIAM."

"Dear Brother: The secret is out. I suspected it all the time. It is useless for you to offer denials. Sometimes when you have acted the event that you were sincere, I have almost believed but each time I have been relieved to observe something in you which told me that underneath your assumed indifference there was a genial current of the romantic sentiment of the youth and the lover. How can I be in doubt after receiving a little book—a love story?

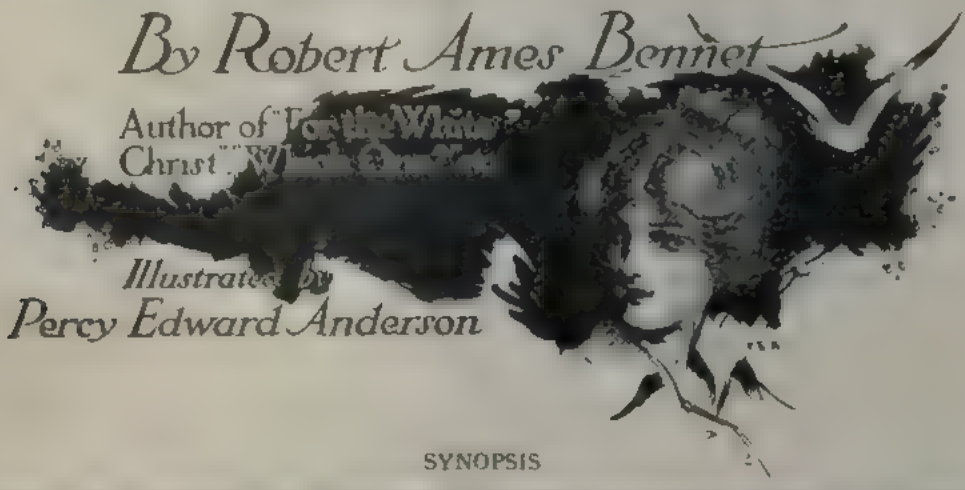
"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have always been the soul of thoughtfulness, especially to those of us who understood you. I must, however, confess that I expected you to do the deadly conventional thing and send me something heavy and serious. I knew it would be a book. All of my friends send me books. That's what comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that I want my whole life to be overshadowed by the giants of the kingdom of letters. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabody or Mrs. Hutchens there are times when I like to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned [illegible] I have [illegible] the casual [illegible] You will remember that we [illegible] pitied the headlong infatuation [illegible] and have felt rather superior [illegible] freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we are to be perfectly candid with each other, I [illegible] that both of us would confess [illegible] known something about that which [illegible] love. We might [illegible] subtle influence, at times a [illegible] ing uneasiness [illegible] We might go so far [illegible] we [illegible]

EVERYBODY WAS OUT ON THE STREET, BUSY AND MERRY OVER THE BUSINESS OF CHRISTMAS, AND MR. SIDNEY PAYSON GLARED AT HIM ENTIRELY AT THEM

UNWILLING EVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "W[illegible]



Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl, Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service, and Tom Blake a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea water of high tide. Meantime, Winthrope discovers an uprooted cocoa-palm, and the nuts serve as both food and drink. They spend the night in a baobab tree, hearing wild beasts about them, but safe from their attacks. Next morning Blake starts out to find a way to cross the river and so reach the headland. On reaching it the party find a drove of wild cattle, a spring of good water, and a family of leopards in command of the situation. Being weaponless and without fire to smoke out the leopards' den, they are forced to withdraw. "Men's pockets seem so open," remarks Miss Leslie, as they retreat, "I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket twice." He gasps "Locket! I never had one in my life! Give it here!" and opens a surveyor's burning glass which solves their fire and food problem. They burn out the leopards, eat roast kitten and start to create a dwelling place in the den. Miss Leslie determines to show she can help, and takes hold of the work bravely. Then she overhears a conversation between Blake and Winthrope in which Blake states angrily, "I'd like to know where in hell you come in? She's not your mother, nor your sister, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweetheart, you've both been dammed close-mouthed over it." Terror-stricken, she hastens back to camp. She tells Winthrope of her fear, and he urges her to marry him, but she refuses. Then Winthrope comes down with the fever, and Blake is poisoned by eating fish. While he is gone, the jackals attack the camp, but the girl manages to beat them off, and when Blake returns in the morning, he shows open admiration of her bravery. When Winthrope recovers from his attack of fever, the three make a trip back to the cocoanut grove. Miss Leslie goes to pick an amaryllis, and finds a huge poison adder. Blake kills it, but not before it has apparently struck Miss Leslie on the knee. Unceremoniously he flings back her skirt and puts his lips to a small red wound to suck out the poison, only to receive a furious repulse from the girl who says it is only a thorn wound. Winthrope takes her away, in hysterics, and Blake, after extracting the snake's venom to poison arrows, picks the amaryllis as a peace offering for Miss Leslie. By this time both men are in love with her, Blake silently, Winthrope constantly urging his suit. Blake begs forgiveness for his blunder about the snake and is forgiven. Then he makes her a strong barricade door for her cave, heavily armed with sharpened stakes, and yet set so ingeniously on a hinge that a child can swing it. Winthrope in Blake's absence, hints to Miss Leslie that Blake is afflicted with paranoia, and has made this door to protect her from himself in irresponsible moments. A tropical storm of terrible fury bursts over the camp while the men are away. Cowering in her cave for shelter, Miss Leslie sees by a lightning flash that Winthrope is stealthily crawling in upon her, his face like that of a beast. The sharp bamboo door, caught by a gust, whirls on its axis, and strikes him down. She manages to bolt the door, and faints. In the morning Blake staggers in calling her name. When he learns of Winthrope's attempt he is furious, but she restrains him, and then find that Winthrope has been struck by the door and is already dying. He confesses in his last moments that he is only a valet masquerading as a gentleman, with a lot of stolen emeralds sewn up in a stomach-pad. Left alone they put Winthrope's body up on the headland, hide the emeralds and clear up the debris of the storm. Not until Miss Leslie is again alone does she realize that under the stress of the day she has called Blake "Tom." They set off exploring southward [illegible] the bay of [illegible], but [illegible] nothing but a vast stretch of swamp. Parish Miss Leslie breaks down and cries with disappointment.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Well, I don't know. If it wasn't for the fever that's bound to come with the rains, I, for one, would just as leave stick to this camp right along, providing the company don't change."

She turned upon him flashing eyes, all thought of caution lost in her anger. "How dare you say such a thing? You are contemptible! I despise you!"

"My, Miss Jenny, but you are pretty when you get mad!" he exclaimed.

The answer took her completely aback. He was neither angry nor laughing at her, but met her defiant glance with candid, sober admiration. There was something more than admiration in his glowing eyes; yet she could not but see that her alarm had been baseless. His manner had never been more respectful. Suddenly she found that she could no longer meet his gaze. She looked away and stammered lamely, "You—you shouldn't say such things, you know."

"Why not? Hasn't everything been running smooth the last few days? Haven't we been good chummy comrades? Of course you've got the worst of the deal. I know I'm not much on fancy talk; but I like to hear it when I've a chance. I've led a lonesome sort of life since they did for my sisters— No; I'm not going to rake that up again. I'm only trying to give you an idea what it means to a fellow to be with a lady like you. Maybe it isn't polite to tell you all this, but it's just what I feel, and I never did amount to shucks as a liar."

"I believe I understand you, Mr. Blake, and I really feel highly complimented."

"No, you don't, any such thing, Miss Jenny. Own up, now! If I met you to-morrow on your papa's doorstep, you'd cut me cold."

"I should if you continued to be so rude. Have you no regard for my feelings? But here we are, talking

nonsense, when we should be going—"

"Is it nonsense?" he broke in "What does life mean, anyway? Here we can be true friends and comrades,—real, free living people. It can't be that you want to go back to all those society shams, after you've seen real life! As for me, what have I to gain by going back to the everlasting grind? I don't mind work; but when a man has nothing ahead to work for but a bank account, when it's grind, grind, grind till your head goes stale and all the world looks black, then there's no choice but throw up your job and go on a drunk, if you want to keep from a gun accident. Maybe you don't understand it. But that's what I've had to go through, time and again Do you wonder I like to fancy an everlasting picnic here, with a little partner who wouldn't let me come within shouting distance of her in the land of lavender trousers and peek-a-boos.'"

"Mr. Blake, really you are most unjust! I could not be so—so ungrateful, after all your kindness. I—we should certainly be glad to number you among our friends."

"Drink and all, eh?"

"A man of your will-power has no need whatever to give way to such a habit."

"Course not, if he's got anything in sight worth while. Guess, though, my folks must have been poor white trash. I never could go after money just for the fun of the game. No family, no friends, no—what-you-call-it?—culture— What's the use? I have a fair head for figures; but all the mathematics that I know I've had to catch hot off the bat. It's true I grubbed my C. E. out of a correspondence school; but a fellow has to have an all-round, crack-up education to put him where it's worth while."

"You still have time to work up. You are not much over thirty."

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven! I should have thought— What a hard life you must have had!"

"Hard work? Well, I suppose Panama did do for me some. But it wasn't so much that. Few fellows could hit up the pace I've set and come out at all."

"I do not understand."

"Just what you might expect of a fellow in my fix—all kinds of gamble and drink and the rest of it."

Miss Leslie looked away, visibly distressed. She had not been reared after the French method. Young as she was, she had fluttered at will about the borders of the garden of vice, knowing well that the gaudy blossoms were lures to entice one into the pitfall. Yet never before had she caught so clear a glimpse of the slimy depths.

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"That's it!" growled Blake. "Throw me down cold, just because I'm square enough to tell you straight out. You make me tired! I'm not one of the work-ox sort, that can chew the cud all the year round, and cork the blood out of their brains. I've got to cut loose from the infernal grind once in a while, and barring a chance now and then at opera, there's never been anything but a spree—"

"Oh, but that's so dreadfully shocking, Mr. Blake!"

"And then like all the other little hypocrites, you'll go and marry one of those swell dudes who's made that sort of thing his business, and everybody knows it, but it's all politely understood to 've been done sub rosa, so it's all right, because he knows how to part his name in the middle and—"

"Please, please stop, Mr. Blake! You don't know how cruel you are"

"Cruel? Suppose I told you about the millionaire cur that— Oh, now, don't go and cry! Please don't cry,

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Miss Jenny! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world! I didn't mean anything out of the way, really I didn't! It's only that when I get to thinking of—of things, it sets me half crazy. And now, can't you see how it's going to be ten times worse for me after—with you so altogether beyond me—" He stopped short, flushed, and stammered lamely, "I—I didn't mean to say that!"

She looked down, no less embarrassed.

"Please let us talk of something else," she murmured. "It has been such a pleasant morning, until you—until we began this silly discussion."

"All right, all right! Only mop up the dew-drops, and we'll turn on the sun machine. I really didn't mean to rip out that way at all. But, you see, the thing's been rankling in me ever since we came aboard ship at the Cape, and Winthrope and Lady Bayrose had my seat changed so I couldn't see you — Not that I hold anything against them now."

"Mr. Blake, I suppose you know that this African coast is particularly dangerous for women. So far I have escaped the fever. But you yourself said that the longer the attack is delayed, the worse it will be."

Blake's face darkened, and he turned to stare inland along the ridge. She had flicked him on the raw, and he thought that she had done so intentionally.

"You think I haven't tried—that I've been shamming!" he burst out bitterly. "You're right. There's the one chance— But I couldn't leave you till the barricade was finished, and it's been only a few days since— All the same, I oughtn't to 've waited a day. I'll start it to-morrow."

"What? Start what?"

"A catamaran. I can rig one up, in short order, that, with a skin sail and an outrigger, will do fairly well to coast along inside the reefs—barring squalls. Worst thing is that it's all a guess whether the nearest settlement is up the coast or down."

"And you can think of going, and leaving me all alone here!"

"That's better than letting you risk two-to-one chances on feeding the sharks."

"But you'd be risking it!"

Blake uttered a short harsh laugh.

"What's the difference?" He paused a moment; then added, with grim humor, "Any way, they'll have company by the time they get me chewed up."

"You sha'n't go!"

"Oh, I don't know. We'll see about it to-morrow. There's a grove of cocoanuts yonder. Come on, and I'll get some nuts. I can't see any water around here, and it would be dry eating, with only the flask."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LION LEADS THEM

THE palm grove stood under the lee of the ridge, on a stretch of bare ground Other than seaward, the open space was hemmed in by grass jungle, interspersed with clumps of thorn-brush On the north side a jutting corner of the tall, yellow spear-grass curved out and around, with the point of the hook some fifty yards from the palms Elsewhere the distance to the jungle was nearly twice as far.

Blake dropped the bag and his weapons, flung down his hat, and started up a palm shaft. The down-pointing bristles of his skin trousers aided his grip. Though the lofty crown of the palm was swaying in the wind, he reached the top and was down again before Miss Leslie had arranged the contents of the lunch bag.

"Guess you're not extra hungry," he remarked.

Your Family Doctor

does not know as much about your stomach as you do. You have lived with it longer than he has. You know your digestive limitations. You know what "agrees" with you and what gives you distress.

It is well to get your doctor's advice, however, and if he is a wise counsellor he will tell you that the practise of eating a well-cooked cereal every morning for breakfast will not only strengthen your digestion, but keep the bowels healthy and active. The best cereal for this purpose is

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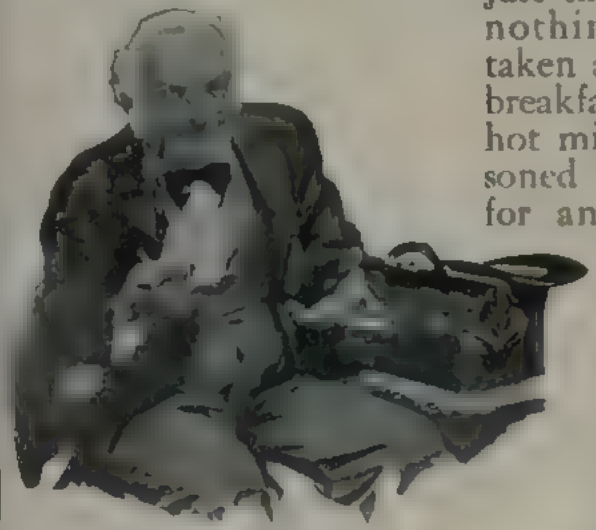

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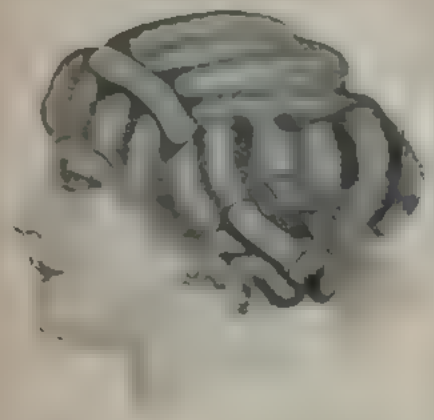

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She made no response.

Mad, eh? Well, toss me the little knife. Mine has got too good a meat-edge to spoil on these husks."

"It was very kind of you to climb for the nuts, and the wind blowing so hard up there," she said, as she handed over the penknife. "I am not angry. It is only that I feel tired and depressed. I hope I am not going to be—"

"No; you're not going to have the fever, or any such thing! You're played out, that's all. I'm a fool for bringing you so far. You'll be all right after you eat and rest. Here; drink this cocoa milk."

She drained the nut, and upon his insistence, made a pretence at eating. He was deceived until, with the satisfying of his first keen hunger, he again became observant

"Say, that won't do!" he exclaimed. "Look at your bowl. You haven't nibbled enough to keep a mouse alive."

"Really, I am not hungry. But I am resting."

"Try another nut. I'll have one ready in two shakes."

He caught his hat, which was dragging past in a downward eddy of the wind, and weighted it with a cocoanut. He wedged another nut between his knees, and bent over it, tearing at the husk. It took him only a few moments to strip the fibre from the end and gouge open the germ hole. He held out the nut, and glanced up to meet her smile of acceptance.

She was staring past him, her eyes wide with terror, and the color fast receding from her face.

"What in— Another snake?" he demanded, twisting warily about to glare at the ground behind him.

"There—over in the grass!" she whispered. "It looked out at me with terrible, savage eyes!"

"Snake?—that far off?"

"No, no!—a monster—a huge, herce beast!"

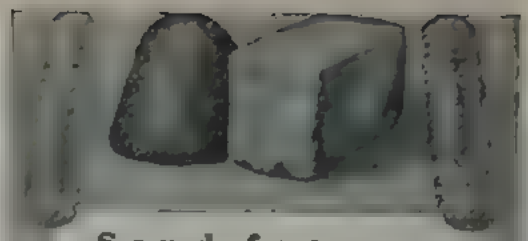
"Beast?" echoed Blake, grasping his bow and arrows. "Where is he? Maybe only one of these African buffaloes. How'd he look?—horns?"

"I—I didn't see any. It was all shaggy, and yellow like the grass, and terrible eyes—Oh!"

The girl's scream was met by a ferocious, snarling roar, so deep and prolonged that the air quivered and the very ground seemed to shake.

"God!—a lion!" cried Blake, the hair on his bare head bristling like a startled animal's.

He turned squarely about toward the ridge, his bow half drawn. Had the lion shown himself then, Blake would have shot on the instant. As it was, the beast remained behind the screening border of grass, where he could watch his intended quarry without being seen in turn. The delay gave



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Blake time for reflection. He spoke sharply, as it were biting off his words: "Hit out. I'll stop the bluffer."

"I can't. Oh, I'm afraid!"

Again the hidden beast gave voice to his mighty rumbling challenge. Still he did not appear, and Blake attempted a derisive jeer: "Hey, there, louder! We've not run yet! It's all right, little woman. The skulking sneak is trying to bluff us. 'Fraid to come out if we don't stampede. He'll make off when he finds we don't

scare. Lions never tackle men in the daytime. Just keep cool a while. He'll—"

"Look !—there to the right !—I saw him again ! He's creeping around ! See the grass move !"

"That's only the wind. It eddies down—God ! he is stalking around. Trying to take us from behind—curse him ! He may get me, but I'll get him too,—the dirty sneak !"

The blood had flowed back into Blake's face, and showed on each cheek in a little red patch. His broad chest rose and fell slowly to deep respirations; his eyes glowed like balls of white-hot steel. He drew his bow a little tauter, and wheeled slowly to keep the arrow pointed at the slight wave in the grass which marked the stealthy movements of the lion. Miss Leslie, more terrified with every added moment of suspense, cringed around, that she might keep him between her and the hidden beast.

Minute after minute dragged by. Only a man of Blake's obstinate, sullen temperament could have withstood the strain and kept cool. Even he found the impulse to leap up and run all but irresistible. Miss Leslie crouched behind him, no more able to run than a mouse with which a cat has been playing.

Once they caught a glimpse of the sinuous, tawny form gliding among the leafless stems of a thorn clump Blake took quick aim; but the outlines of the beast were indistinct and the range long. He hesitated, and the opportunity was lost

Yard by yard they watched the slight swaying of the grass tops which betrayed the cautious advance of the grim stalker. The beast did not roar again. Having failed to flush his game, he was seeking to catch them off their guard, or perhaps was warily taking stock of the strange creatures whose like he had never seen.

Now and then there was a pause, and the grass tops swayed only to the down-puffs of the heightening gale At such moments the two grew rigid, watching and waiting in breathless suspense. They could see, as distinctly as though there had been no screening grass, the baleful eyes of the huge cat and the shaggy forebody as the beast stood still and glared out at them.

Then the sinuous wave would start on again around the grass border, and Blake would draw in a deep breath and mutter a word of encouragement to the girl: "Look, now—the dirty sneak ! Trying to give us the creeps, is he ? I'll creeps him ! 'Fraid to show his pretty mug !"

Not until the beast had circled half around the glade did his purpose flash upon Blake. With the wariness of all savage hunters, the animal had marked out the spur of jungle on the north side, where he could creep closer to his quarry before leaping from cover.

"The damned sneak !" growled Blake. "You there, Jenny ?"

She could not speak, but he heard her gasp.

"Brace up, little woman ! Where's your grit ? You're out of this deal, anyway. He'll choke to death swallowing me— But say; couldn't you manage to shin up a palm, twenty feet or so, and hang on for a couple of minutes ?"

"I—can't move—I am

"Make a try ! It'll give me a run for my money. I'll take the next elevator after you. That'll bring the bluffer out on the hot-foot. I slip a surprise between his ribs, and we view the scenery while he's passing in his checks. Come; make a spurt ! He's around the turn, and getting nearer every step."

Continued on page 113

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THE DISAPPEARING HANGMAN

THE reprieve of Charles Gibson, murderer, at the eleventh hour, reminds us again that capital punishment grows more and more repulsive to Canadians. The minister of justice declared that a careful reconsideration of all evidence had developed nothing to warrant a change of sentence. Then a petition with 60,000 signatures was rushed to Ottawa, and Hangman Ellis lost another opportunity to add to his list of skilful stranglings. The likelihood is that Mr. Ellis will not officiate very often again, and it may not be necessary to look for a successor when he retires.

MOTORING

SOON the man without an automobile will be the exceptional individual; already our per capita motorists lead all other countries. This fact lends interest to a book recently from the press entitled, "A Motor Tour Through Canada." The author, Thomas W. Wilby, tells of a trip from Halifax to Vancouver, in vivid and entertaining style. This was the first journey of the sort ever attempted, and Mr. Wilby found himself frequently in the role of pathfinder. He escaped mishap of any kind, but had many thrilling experiences which hold the reader's attention, whether the latter owns a car himself or is in the diminishing class of those who "hope to—some day."

CANADIAN APPLES

"DUCKING for apples" is doubtless as much of a Christmas pastime in South Africa as it is in Canada This year our little compatriots in Cape Town will play the old game with red-cheeked, juicy fruit from the Niagara Peninsula. A leading Cape Town merchant, who visited Ontario awhile ago was so dazzled by one of the orchards of George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., that he purchased the entire yield. The first cargo of three thousand bushels has just arrived oversea. An interesting feature of the transaction is the fact that Cape Town bought our luscious fruit at a price twenty per cent. better than the home market

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

THE Canadian West, where the prize wheat grows, sprouts progressive movements as well as champion grain. Winnipeg is taking the lead in vocational training for its youth. The industrial bureau's business lecture course is proving very successful in putting budding manhood on the track to fortune and, better still, contentment. "Efficiency" is the goal of teacher and pupil. When the latter gets to doing that for which he is best adapted, advancement is easy.

WIDENING BOUNDARIES

TALES of the new Peace River country are reminiscent of the stories of Manitoban wonders brought to the folks "down east" by the hardy adventurers of the '80's. A Vancouverite who recently returned from a trip to Grouard, the capital, tells of its growth in a few months from 500 to 2,000. He relates that the soil of this far-off region of illimitable extent is as fertile as the best in Canada. Before the land was opened for homesteading, it was taken up by scores of squatters, three hundred miles beyond the end of steel. Thus do the boundaries of the Last West widen and grow with the passage of time and the persistence of the adventurous homeseeker.

The last reports indicate a rush to Fort McMurray, far up on the Athabasca, where the eager homeseekers are trekking with all their possessions to the new land, in the hope of fortune.

Not even the grizzly bear and the daring trapper of the utmost wildernesses are safe from the encroachments of the plow and the reaper. Man in his search for food is the strongest animal of all

Unwilling Eve

Continued from page 111.

"I can't—Tom,—there is no need that both of us— You climb up—"

He turned about as the meaning of her whisper dawned upon him. Her eyes were shining with the ecstasy of self-sacrifice. It was only the glance of an instant; then he was again facing the jungle.

"God! You think I'd do that!"

She made no reply. There was a pause. Blake—crouched on one knee, tense and alert—waited until the sinister wave was advancing into the point of the incurved jungle. Then he spoke, in a low, even tone: "Feel if my glass is there."

Her hand reached around and pressed against the fob pocket which he had sewn in the belt of his skin trousers.

"Right. Now slip my club up under my elbow—big end. Lick on the nose'll stop a dog or a bull. It's a chance."

She thrust the club under his right elbow, and he gripped it against his side

At that moment the lion bounded from cover, with a roar like a clap of thunder. Blake sprang erect. The beast checked himself in the act of leaping, and crouched with his great paws outstretched, every hooked claw thrust out, ready to tear and mangle. In two or three bounds he could have leaped upon Blake and crushed him with a single stroke of his paw. As he rose to repeat his deafening roar, it seemed to Blake that he stood higher than a horse—that his mouth gaped wide as the end of a hogshead. And yet the beast stood hesitating, restrained by brute dread of the unknown. Never before had any animal that he had hunted reared up to meet his attack in this strange manner.

"Lie flat!" commanded Blake; "lie flat, and don't move! I'm going to call his bluff. Keep still till the poison gets in its work. I'll keep him busy long as I can. When it's over, hit out for home along the beach. Keep inside the barricade, and watch all you can from the cliffs. Might light a fire up there nights. There's sure to be a steamer before long—"

"Tom!" she cried, struggling to her knees,—"Tom!"

But he did not pause or look around. He was beginning to circle slowly to the left across the open ground, in a spiral curve that would bring him to the edge of the jungle within thirty yards of the lion. There was red now showing in his eyes. His hair was bristling no longer with fear, but with sheer brute fury; his lips were drawn back from the clenched teeth; his nostrils distended and quivering; his forehead wrinkled like that of an angry mastiff His look was more ferocious than that of the snarling beast he faced. All the primeval in him was roused. He was become a man of the Cave Age He went to meet death, his mind and body aflame with fierce lust to kill.

The lion stilled his roars, and crouched as if to spring, snarling and grinning with rage and uncertainty His eyes, unaccustomed to the glare of the mid-day sun, blinked incessantly, though he followed the man's every movement, his snarls deepening into growls at the slightest change of attitude

In his blind animal rage, Blake had forgotten that the purpose of his lateral advance was to place as great a distance as possible between him and the girl before the clash. Yet instinct kept him moving along his spiral course, on the chance that he might catch his foe off his guard.

Suddenly the lion half rose and stretched forward, sniffing. There was an uneasy whining note in his growls.

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It cleans the pots and pans in haste. It cannot scatter, harm or waste.
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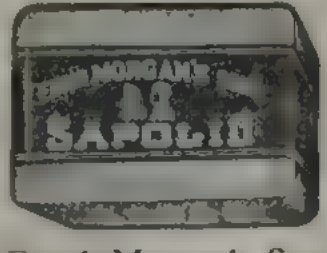

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Blake let the club slip from beneath his arm, and drew his bow until the arrow-head lay upon his thumb. His outstretched arm was rigid as a bar of steel. So tense and alert were all his nerves that he knew he could drive home both arrows, and still have time to swing his club before the beast was upon him.

A puff of wind struck against his back, and swept on to the nostrils of the lion, laden with the odor of man. The beast uttered a short, startled roar, and whirling about, leaped away into the jungle so quickly that Blake's arrow flashed past a full yard behind.

The second arrow was on the string before the first had struck the ground. But the lion had vanished in the grass. With a yell, Blake dashed on across to the nearest point of the jungle. As he ran, he drew the burning-glass from his fob, and flipped it open, ready for use. If the lion had turned behind the sheltering grass stems, he was too cowardly to charge out again. Within a minute the jungle border was a wall of roaring flame.

The grass, long since dead, and bone-dry with the days of tropical sunshine since the cyclone, flared up before the wind like gunpowder. Even against the wind the fire ate its way along the ground with fearful rapidity, trailing behind it an upwhirling vortex of smoke and flame. No living creature could have burst through that belt of fire.

A wave of fierce heat sent Blake staggering back, scorched and blistered. There was no exultance in his bearing. For the moment all thought of the lion was swallowed up in awe of his own work. He stared at the hell of leaping, roaring flames from beneath his upraised arm. To the north sparks and lighted wisps of grass driven by the gale had already fired the jungle half way to the farther ridge.

Step by step Blake drew back. His heel struck against something soft. He looked down, and saw Miss Leslie lying on the sand, white and still. She had fainted, overcome by fear or by the unendurable heat. The heat must have stupefied him as well. He stared at her, dull-eyed, wondering if she was dead. His brain cleared. He sprang over to where the flask lay beside the remnants of the lunch.

He was dashing the last drops of the tepid water in her face, when she moaned, and her eyelids began to flutter. He flung down the flask, and fell to chafing her wrist.

"Tom!" she moaned.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, I'm here. It's all right," he answered.

"Have I had a sunstroke? Is that why it seems so— I can hardly breathe—"

"It's all right, I tell you. Only a

little bonfire I touched off. Guess you must have fainted, but it's all right now."

"It was silly of me to faint. But when I saw that dreadful thing leap—" She faltered, and lay shuddering. Fearful that she was about to swoon again, Blake slapped her hand between his palms with stinging force.

"You're it!" he shouted. "The joke's on you! Kitty jumped just the other way, and he won't come back in a hurry with that fire to head him off. Jump up now, and we'll do a jig on the strength of it."

She attempted a smile, and a trace of color showed in her cheeks. With an idea that action would further her recovery, he drew her to a sitting position, stepped quickly behind, and, with his hands beneath her elbows, lifted her upright. But she was still too weak and giddy to stand alone. As he released his grip, she swayed and would have fallen had he not caught her arm

"Steady!" he admonished. "Brace up; you're all right."

"I'm—I'm just a little dizzy," she murmured, clinging to his shoulder. "It will pass in a minute. It's so silly, but I'm that way—Tom, I—I think you are the bravest man—"

"Yes, yes—but that's not the point. Leave go now, like a sensible girl. It's about time to hit the trail."

He drew himself free, and without a glance at her blushing face, began to gather up their scattered outfit. His hat lay where he had weighted it down with the cocoanut. He tossed the nut into the skin bag, and jammed the hat on his head, pulling the brim far down over his eyes. When he had fetched his club, he walked back past the girl, with his eyes averted.

"Come on," he muttered.

The scarlet in the girl's cheeks swept over her whole face in a burning wave, which ebbed slowly and left her colorless. Blake had started off without a backward glance. She gazed about with a bewildered look at the palms and the barren ridge and the fiery tidal wave of flame. Her gaze came back to Blake, and she followed him.

Within a short distance she found herself out of the sheltering lee of the ridge. The first wind-gust almost overthrew her. She could never have walked against such a gale; but with the wind at her back she was buoyed up, and borne along as though on wings. Her sole effort was to keep her footing. Had it been their morning trip, she could have cried out with joy and skimmed along before the gusts like a school-girl. Now she walked as solidly as the wind would permit, and took care not to lessen the distance between herself and Blake.

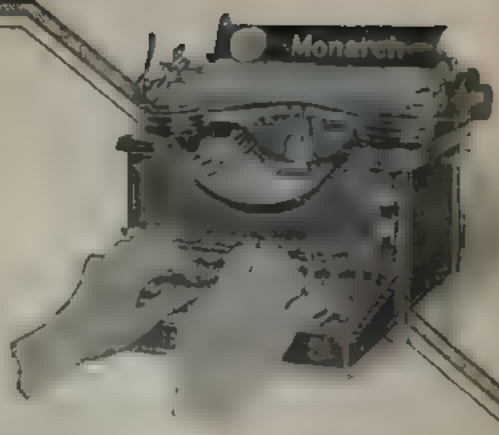
Mile by mile they hastened back across the plain,—on their right the blue sea of water, with its white-caps and spray; on their left the yellow sea of fire, with its dun fog of smoke.

Once only had Blake looked back to see if the girl was following. After that he swung along, with down-bent head, his gaze upon the ground. Even when he passed in under the grove and around the pool to the foot of the cleft, he began the ascent without waiting to assist her up the break in the path. The girl came after, her lips firm, her eyes bright and expectant. She drew herself up the ledge as though she had been bred to mountain climbing.

Inside the barricade Blake was waiting to close the opening. She crept through, and rose to catch him by the sleeve.

"Tom, look at me," she said. "Once I was most unjust to you in my thoughts. I wronged you. Now I must tell you that I think you are the bravest—the noblest man—"

"Get away!" he exclaimed, and he shook off her hand roughly. "Don't be a fool! You don't know what you're talking about."



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"But I do, Tom. I believe that you are—"

"I'm a blackguard—do you hear?"

"No blackguard is brave. The way you faced that terrible beast—"

"Yes, blackguard—to've gone and shown to you that I—to've let you say a single word— Can't you see? Even if I'm not what you call a gentleman, I thought I knew how any man ought to treat a woman—but to go and let you know, before we'd got back among people!"

"But—but, Tom, why not, if we—"

"No!" he retorted harshly. "I'm going now to pile up wood on the cliff for a beacon fire. In the morning I'll start making that catamaran—"

"No, you shall not— You shall not go off, and leave me, and—and risk your life! I can't bear to think of it! Stay with me, Tom—dear! Even if a ship never came—"

He turned resolutely, so as not to see her blushing face.

"Come now, Miss Leslie," he said in a dry, even tone; "don't make it so awfully hard. Let's be sensible, and shake hands on it, like two real comrades—"

She struck frantically at his outstretched hand.

"Keep away—I hate you!" she cried.

Before he could speak, she was running up the cleft.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN DOUBLE SALVATION.

WHEN, an hour or more after dawn the next morning, the girl slowly drew open her door, and came out of the cave, Blake was nowhere in sight. She sighed, vastly relieved, and hastened across to bathe her flushed face in the spring. Stopping every few moments to listen for his step down the cleft, she gathered up a hamper of food and fled to the tree-ladder.

As she drew herself up on the cliff, she noticed a thin column of smoke rising from the last smouldering brands of a beacon fire that had been built in the midst of the bird colony, on the extreme outer edge of the headland. She did not, however, observe that, while the smoke column streamed up from the fire directly skyward, beyond it there was a much larger volume of smoke, which seemed to have eddied down the cliff face and was now rolling up into view from out over the sea. She gave no heed to this, for the sight of the beacon had instantly alarmed her with the possibility that Blake was still on the headland, and would imagine that she was seeking him.

She paused, her cheeks aflame. But the only sign of Blake that she could see was the fire itself. She reflected that he might very well have left before dawn. As likely as not, he had descended at the north end of the cleft, and had gone off to the river to start his catamaran. At the thought all the color ebbed from her cheeks and left her white and trembling. Again she stood hesitating. With a sigh she started on toward the signal staff.

She was close upon the border of the bird colony, when Blake sat up from behind a ledge, and she found herself staring into his blinking eyes.

"Hello!" he mumbled drowsily. He sprang up, wide awake, and flushing with the guilty consciousness of what he had done. "Look at the sun—way up! Didn't mean to oversleep, Miss Leslie. You see I was up pretty late, tending the beacon. But of course that's no excuse—"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. There were tears in her eyes, yet she smiled as she spoke. "I know what you mean by pretty late! You've been up all night."

"No, I haven't. Not all night—"

"To be sure! I quite understand, Mr. Thomas Blake! . . . Now, sit down, and eat this luncheon."

"Can't. Haven't time. I've got to get to the river and set to work. I'll get some jerked beef and eat it on the way. You see—"

"Tom!" she protested.

"It's for you," he rejoined, and his lips closed together resolutely.

He was stepping past her, when over the seaward edge of the cliff there came a sound like the yell of a raging sea-monster.

"Siren!" shouted Blake, whirling about.

The cloud of smoke beyond the cliff end was now rolling up more to the left. He dashed away towards the north edge of the cliff as though he intended to leap off into space. The girl ran after him as fast as she could over the loose stones. Before she had covered half the distance she saw him halt on the very brink of the cliff, and begin to wave and shout like a mad man. A few steps farther on she caught sight of the steamer. It was lying close in, only a little way off the north point of the headland.

Even as she saw the vessel, its siren responded to Blake's wild gestures with a series of joyous screams. There could be no mistake. He had been seen. Already they were letting go anchor, and there was a little crowd of men gathering about one of the boats. Blake turned and started on a run for the cliff. But Miss Leslie darted before him, compelling him to halt.

"Wait!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with happy tears. "Tom, it's come now. You needn't—"

"Let me by! I'm going to meet them. I want to—"

But she put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Tom!" she whispered, "let it be now, before any one—anything can possibly come between us! Let it be a part of our life here—here, where I've learned how brave and true a real man can be!"

"And then have him prove himself a sneak!" he cried. "No; I won't, Jenny! I've got you to think of. Wait till I've seen your father. Ten to one, he'll not hear of it—he'll cut you off without a cent. Not but what I'd be glad myself; but you're used to luxuries, girlie, and I'm a poor man. I can't give them to you—"

She laid a hand on his mouth, and smiled up at him in tender mockery.

"Come, now, Mr. Blake; you're not very complimentary. After surviving my cooking all these weeks, don't you think I might do, at a pinch, for a poor man's wife?"

"No, Jenny!" he protested, trying to draw back. "You oughtn't to decide now. When you get back among your friends, things may look different. Think of your society friends! Wait till you see me with other men—gentlemen! I'm just a rough, uncultured, ordinary—"

"Hush!" she cried, and she again placed her hand on his mouth. "You sha'n't say such cruel things about Tom—my Tom—the man I trust—that I—"

Her arms slipped about his neck, and her eyes shone up into his with tender radiance.

"Don't!" he begged hoarsely. "'Tain't fair! I—I can't stand it!"

"The man I love!" she whispered.

He crushed her to him in his great arms.

"My little girl!—dear little girl!" he repeated, and he pressed his lips to her hair.

She snuggled her face closer against his shoulder, and replied in a very small voice, "I—I suppose you know that ship captains can—can m-marry people."

"But I haven't even a job yet!" he exclaimed. "Suppose your father—"

"Please listen!" she pleaded. There was a sound like suppressed sobbing.

"What is it?" he ventured, and he listened, greatly perturbed. The muffled voice sounded very meek and plaintive: "I'll try to do my part, Mr. Blake,—really I will! I—I hope we can manage to struggle along—somehow. You know, I have a little of my own. It's only three—three mutton; but—"

"What!" he demanded, and he held her out at arm's length, to stare at her in frowning bewilderment. "If I'd known that, I'd—"

"You'd never have given me a chance to—to propose to you, you dear old silly!" she cried, her eyes dancing with tender mirth. "See here!"

She turned from him, and back again, and held up a withered, crumpled little flower, that showed the evidence of much handling, and was sadly faded from its original red. He looked, and saw that it was the amaryllis blossom.

"You—kept it"

"Because—because, even then, down in the bottom of my heart, I had begun to realize—to know what you were like—and of course that meant—Tom, tell me! Do you think I'm utterly shameless? Do you blame me for being the one to—to—"

"Blame you!" he cried. He paused to put a finger under her chin and raise her down-bent face. His eyes were very blue, but there was a twinkle in their depths. "Oh, yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it? But I guess I've no complaint to file just now."

THE END.

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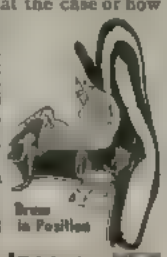

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Old William talks of ghost and sprite,
And, as a distant out-house gate
Slams by the wind, they fearful wait,
While some each shadowy nook explore,
Then Christmas pauses at the door

When Dick comes shiv'ring from the yard,
And says the pond is frozen hard,
While from his hat all white with snow,
The moisture trickling drops below,
While carols sound, the night to cheer,
Then Christmas and his train are here

THE months seem to fly round the circle to bring Christmas to us again. We are but recovering from the assaults of last Noel on our purses when here comes the jolly old Feast again, ready to empty them once more So terrible, indeed, of late years has the craze for giving presents at Christmas become, that many view the approach of the generous season with fear and trepidation. Nor are such necessarily of niggardly disposition, but the fact that we make the greatest feast of the year an absolute nuisance in the matter of buying expensive gifts to give to persons for whom we have little affection but who we feel would despise the cheaper and more humble gift which we can afford to give with real pleasure; robs Christmas of its spirit, which is one of good cheer and joy. The delicacy which at one time made the Christmas gift a thing of compliment and charm is no longer apparent. Our giving has become as common and as commercial as the over-done exploitation of poor old Santa Claus in the advertising columns which the big stores are too fond of displaying during the weeks before Christmas. Every bit of legend has been torn to tatters. Every gracious and charming sentiment has been used until it is shop-worn. Our giving is mean, tawdry and cheap. The price ticket is all that concerns us in offering or receiving. "How much did it cost?" "Pshaw! we saw that advertised at so much." "If we could not give something better than that, we would give nothing." How vulgar all that is!

The whole business is false, wrong. Think of what a gift should carry with it. Friendship and affection, if not love itself, but perhaps, best of all, that feeling for which I can but find one word—caringness. To have had remembered by some old friend or affectionate relation one's little tastes or habits, one's likes, one's fondness for flowers or books; one's fad for collecting this or that—old prints, or coins, or stamps or basket work—to remember in your turn what little things your friend cares most for, and to offer the same with the word of love and affection. That is gift giving! There is always something that will not strip your purse of its last coin, that will not cause you to practise irksome economies for weeks before Christmas and for months after. But instead, poor women will try to give presents they cannot afford to their wealthier friends, who care nothing at all for the cheap affair which cost so much thought and trouble. We have become ill-bred in the matter of Christmas giving. It is time that someone should write a chapter on the etiquette of this matter. The very fact that this seems to be necessary tells more plainly than printed words that the old precious, charming and tender Spirit of Christmas is no longer with us. If you see it at all it will be only in the old fashioned, or humble homes, that you will find its fragrance.

We have permitted Christmas to decay—that is the real Christmas of

olden times. Each year finds us commercializing the great Feast a little more. Everything is advertised. Our very charity is given through the medium of printed lists in the newspapers. If Scrooge were alive to-day, we would have the butcher from whom he purchased Bob Cratchit's turkey advertising the same in a nicely worded, nicely framed newspaper card. We would know the price of it and the weight of it, and the breed of it, and we would be invited to buy all our Christmas turkeys at the same stand. The reporter would be sent to Bob Cratchit's house and assigned to write up a "story" on the turkey. What it was stuffed with and what sauce Mrs. Cratchit served with it, and how many slices off the breast of it Tiny Tim ate. That last small bone which was left on the dish after the young Cratchits had stuffed themselves to bursting, would be photographed and held up to the view of the admiring or amused public, with Tiny Tim's crutch alongside and Master Cratchit hidden to the ears in one of Bob's collars. As a matter of fact—the public will be stuffed with Tiny Tim himself and his globe-trotting "God bless us," etc., for what poor scribbler can afford to let Dickens pass without giving him a Christmas cheer! Like everything else we advertise Charles Dickens at Christmas time along with Santy and Tiny Tim, and yet—would Christmas be Christmas without these blessed fancies?

CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP
Don't be without it this Winter--
CROWN BRAND has so many uses.
Get it at your Grocer's.
The Canada Starch Co., Ltd.
Makers of the Edwardsburg Brands
Montreal - Toronto - Cardinal
Brantford - Calgary - Vancouver

The Trademark is Your Safeguard

Blue Ribbon Tea

Ask for Blue Ribbon and make sure you get it. It stands for the highest grade of tea.

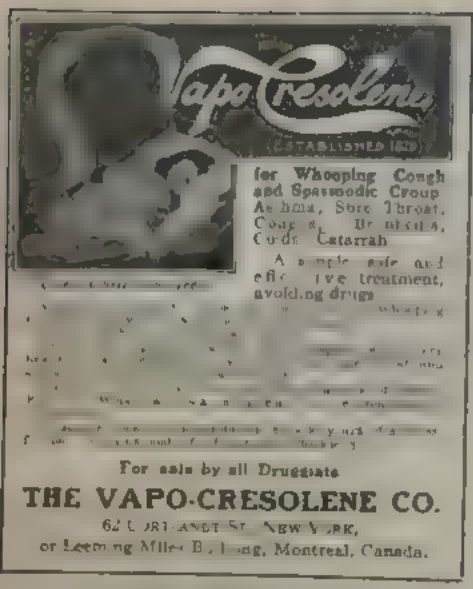
Send this advertisement with 25 cents to Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Write name and address plainly.

SEASONABLE SENTIMENTS

WITH all our ready giving at Christmas, how true it is that some change of heart takes effect within us at this blessed time. What it is, no man may explain. It is a sort of largeness of broadening and cheering of the mind, a spirit of generosity and thoughtfulness for others, a feeling of forgiveness for past injuries, a letting-up of rancour and anger towards this one or that. After all what a dreary thing life would be if there were no Christmas. It would be a gray, dull old world without our mid-winter festival.

You feel that you must remember in all kindliness those who are in worse case than you are, the incurably ill, the very poor, the "God's afflicted" in the asylums, the sick children, the newsboys, the postman, the individual poor whose circumstances you know, and above all the poor ones who ask—unashamed in the face of their great need. Then there are the quiet cases where your left hand must never see your right with the gift in it. All these come spontaneously to mind at Christmas time as though the very spirit of the Feast was whispered in your ear. You cannot help yourself even if you tried, because for the time, your shabby old Ego has vanished up to the attic or down to the cellar, and a fine, big, large-hearted fellow takes his place and dispenses gifts and helps of all kinds just for the mere pleasure of it all!

Even in the graveyards the Spirit of Christmas is to be found in the little scarlet garlands that wreathe the cold tombstones, in the sprig of holly that lies upon some child's grave, in the small bunch of winter leaves which is all that some thin purse may afford. Once we saw a bit of mistletoe tied upon such a wreath—a kiss for some cold face, an embrace for some withered human form, a message to some icy heart which once had glowed and throbbed with the Spirit of Christmas and whose surcease from beating has left another heart cold for all time. But more fondly does the Spirit of Christmas hover over the graves of little children than over any other—the little children who so loved the merry time, whose laughter made glad so many weary hearts. The saddest sight to see upon a Christmas morn is some woman weeping above the little mound



for Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh

A simple safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs

For sale by all Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt St. New York,
or Leeming Miles Bldg, Montreal, Canada.

Dennisteel Lockers

Dennisteel Lockers

Their Benefits.

Include Dennisteel Lockers in Equipment Specifications.

Dennis Wire and Iron Works Co., Ltd., London, Canada.

that holds all that she had of joy and love. Such a sight I once saw by a sea-washed grave upon a wild western coast, and the lonely sadness of it returns always when Christmas comes

THE "HEAVENLY PLANT"

TALKING of mistletoe reminds us of the "ancientness" of the plant. It is a sprig from the gods, a plant not born of this earth but springing from some divine source. Thus the ancients thought it, and called it the Heavenly Plant, or the Sprig that Heals. Probably the Druids were the first to accord to it divinity, for they used to worship it, and perform ceremonies with it and give it to the people to hang up in their houses as a protection from evil, and a charm to bring good-luck. It was this, no doubt, which led to the adoption of the mistletoe as the "lucky plant" of Christmas time, and later as "The Kissing Sprig." It was thought in by-gone times that if a branch was held in the hand with certain ceremonies, a spectre would appear to the watcher and hence the plant was called "the spectre's wand." "The fairies' wand" we of old Erin called it, and many a time when the big Christmas hamper arrived have we gone to secret places upon Fairy Hill where the Good People dance, and waved the fairies' wand and demanded the fulfilment of our three wishes. Mine, I remember, used to be—To be grown up and wear a gown with a train like my mother's; —To be able to play all the jigs and reels in the world on the bag-pipes; and to be Queen of the Fairies. And the only one I ever got was a train to my gown when I didn't care whether I had one or not! From Christmas to Christmas the fairies' wand hung from the rail of every bed. Many and many were the incantations we performed with it—but the only luck it ever brought the writer was to set her one day on a big ship that carried her to Canada

MR. PECKSNIFF'S STEED

IT was while travelling towards CANADA MONTHLY with his pack on his back the other day that the Pedlar met Mr. Pecksniff's horse. He was a cynical, rawboned and haggard quadruped who was wandering loose upon the road, having happily killed Mr Pecksniff and his fair daughters in a runaway many years ago, and he has been ambling about the world ever since

But he certainly walked out of the pages of Martin Chuzzlewit, though how he managed to survive so long as well as to cross the ocean, there was no means of discovering. Here he was, a horse of the kind that "infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope and possessed all who knew him better with a sense of despair" always full of promise (like the Pedlar himself) but of no performance (also resembling the man of the pack), always "going to go, and never going," but so magnificent was his action that as we chirruped him down the road it was difficult to believe he was doing less than fourteen miles an hour. Just like Mr. Pecksniff. Their moral characters were the same—which set us thinking about other Dickens equines as we sat on the grassy patch at the crossroads

Jaeger Goods for Christmas Gifts

Year after year people become more practical in their Christmas buying—fewer useless showy gifts, more comfort giving practical ones.

Of all the gifts to be thought of none are better, more lasting, more enjoyable, than Jaeger Dressing Gowns and Jackets, Jaeger Travelling Rugs, pure wool or camel hair, Jaeger Sweaters, Jaeger Fancy Vests, Jaeger Shawls, Jaeger Scarves, etc.

A week or two before Christmas—before the rush begins visit a Jaeger Store or Agency and select attractive, practical pleasure giving gifts from the Jaeger lines.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM Co.

352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, WINNIPEG

32 King St., West Toronto.
784 Yonge St., Cor. Bloor, Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

ASK FOR
"LOGWOOD"
3 for 50.
A comfortable collar and correct style.

and spread our lunch on an old newspaper.

There was Barkis' old nag, for instance, that delightfully nonchalant horse who was the *alter ego* of Barkis, plus another pair of legs. Not absolutely somnolent is Barkis' nag, but, so to speak, like his master, he vegetates and wants a good deal of stirring up to keep him going. He shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages in the carrier's cart were addressed. His cough resembled a chuckle of delight at the thought of the anxiety of his customers. Even when he was going, Barkis' horse went on his own terms, and on his own ground over which he journeyed irrespective of his master or anybody else. A capital horse for a sweethearting pair. A horse that minded his own business and cared nothing for that of anyone else. When David Copperfield asked if he was going to take him all the way to London, Barkis was constrained to remark—you will remember—that he would be "deader than pork afore he got half the distance." Not that Barkis' nag was unwilling. He was just about as "willin'" as his master and that is saying a good deal for him.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WELLER, SENIOR

IT was the elder Mr. Weller, I think, whose cherished conviction it was that "the man as can form a ackerate judgment of a 'orse, can form a ackerate judgment of anythin'," which is about the best bit of philosophy any man may put forth as any horse-dealer will tell you. We would like to have had his opinion on the various steeds which cantered through the lives of Messrs. Pickwick, Winkle and Tupman. What, for instance, would the ancient Weller have thought of that famous cab horse, who, at the age of forty-two was yet able to keep out for two or three weeks at a time, and was never taken out of the shafts on account of his weakness. "He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," explains his driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down; and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on so even he does move they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

What opinion, we should like to know, would Mr. Weller senior have entertained of the famous quadrupeds which Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle rode and drove, respectively, to Manor Farm? "What can he mean by this?" moaned Mr. Snodgrass from the little wine bin at the back of the chaise, as Mr. Pickwick's steed executed the manoeuvre of darting from side to side and then rushing forward for some minutes at top speed; while Mr. Winkle's tall nag who would travel sideways, paused, stared at him, shook his head and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing at one another in dismay while Messrs. Snodgrass and Tupman chortled in the wine-bin.

LIKE MASTER, LIKE HORSE

IN equine comedy, Dickens saw that the pony was the best for clownlike performances. There was Whisker, who went everywhere but where his driver wished, and who would let no one mount him. Only Dickens could have created him and made him and Mr. Crummles' pony live in one's mind, as actively as Sam Weller or Mr Jingle. Whisker died as he had lived, in clover, and "his last act was to kick his doctor." The "pony" which belonged to Mr. Vincent Crummles was no less talented. "He goes on in Timour the Tartar, and is quite one of us," says his owner, feelingly. Like most of our famous actors and actres-

TOOKE

SUMMIT

An improved model of the popular deep point style in Satin Stripe Madras, band is 1⅝" deep—the rounded points drop 3½". Fits snugly—points never gape apart.

¼ Sizes 2 for 25c

BANFF—Same fabric, square points.

HALDANE—Plain fabric, square points.

TOOKE BROS., Limited, Montreal

Makers of Shirts, Collars and Neckwear bearing the TOOKE Trademark

Your Copy is Ready
of the New Catalog of

Carters
English Tested Seeds

Illustrating and describing all the best varieties grown and tested at the famous trial grounds of James Carter & Company of Raynes Park, London, England

A beautiful and instructive book, giving many useful hints on cultivation. A revelation of new and improved varieties of flowers and vegetables.

A Complimentary Copy is reserved for you. Write for it.

Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc.
133 H. King St., Toronto, Canada
"The Seeds with a Pedigree"

Your Money—and That Piano

There is no question about the **sterling** value of your money: Nor should there be any question about the **lasting** value of the piano you are going to get for it. There will **not** be if you buy a

Style 105 **Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano**

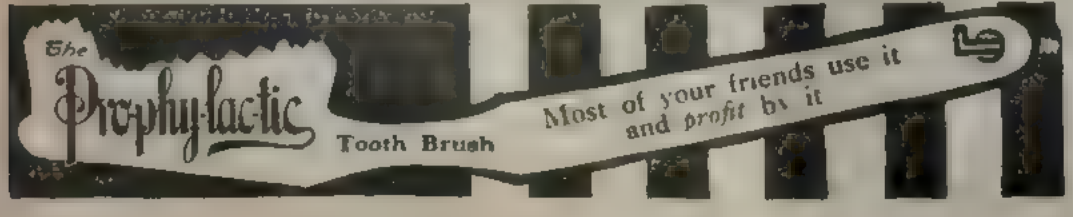
Here are the **plain** facts. There are only a **few really great** pianos made. The hidden parts of these are **identical**, and—the **Sherlock-Manning** is **one** of them. So **lasting** and **brilliant** is the tone of this superb instrument that competent, unbiased judges call it

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

Allow us to mail the proofs of this to you. That will place you under no obligation to buy.

SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO.
London (No street address necessary) Canada

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY
By S. E. KISER. PRICE, 75 CENTS.
VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO., Limited, - TORONTO, ONT.



ses, he may be said to have been born on the stage. "His mother ate apple-pie at a circus for fourteen years, fired pistols, went to bed in a nightcap and took the low comedy entirely. His father, while not so illustrious, was a notable quadruped. He was bred a dancer, but fell into low habits owing to being jobbed out occasionally and he finally departed this life through swallowing the bowl of the glass in which he drank port wine with the clown. All through Dickens it is like master, like horse. Mr. Mould's "long tailed prancers" absolutely expressed the mock sympathy of their master at well paid funerals. Mr. Dombey's wedding steeds are as coldly pompous as Mr. D. himself. Mr. Carker's nag had his master's habit of showing all his teeth at once. Mr. Squeers' horse matched Mr. Squeers and served for the practical course of education in force at Dotheboy's Hall. Every Dickens horse that we remember had a little character all his own, but perhaps that of Mr. Pecksniff which just went down the road at a walk which he made look like a virtuous gallop, resembled his master most of all.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

THERE are few of us who have not spent Christmas away from home. The old feast girdles the world. You may be in Norway, the most hospitable of countries, listening to the singing of patriotic songs or watching the boys of the family presenting the picture of the Nativity at the tea hour. In they come in white mantles, the tallest holding a lantern shaped like a star, another carrying a glass box containing two tiny Dutch dolls, one of which represents the Virgin Mary sitting in a chair and the other the Blessed Child in his cradle. A bit of candle is moved by a wire from side to side of the lantern, making it appear as if the doll-mother is rocking the cradle with her foot. The mysteries of the Holy Birth are chanted by the boys in a carol,—their fresh voices so sharply sweet might be those of some angelic choir lent to us from Heaven. Christmas is a time of especial housecleaning in Sweden. Everything is made spotless and fresh. Everyone is remembered, even the birds, who are provided with a Yule-tide dinner in the shape of a sheaf of corn tied to a pole near each house. The gifts are presented after supper by a masked figure who carries them in a basket, after which every house is illuminated just as every cabin in Ireland, even those on the edge of the lonely bog, is bright with its Christmas Candle—to light the Kings and the Shepherds to the lowly stable where that great Child lies with his Virgin Mother.

In Italy they burn the Yule log. In

kitchen or dining hall, the fire crackles and roars. The supper table is laden with presents among which stands the Urn of Fate. Each little hand dips into the urn. Some draw blanks and the small faces are blank indeed, but no child goes away without something. The Italians are warmly charitable. No hearth is left unlit, no hand empty. And everywhere is the spirit of love—a crust given with the brilliant smile, those gentle words, is better than a pot of meat offered by one whose heart is cold.

All the world loves Christmas. It is as if at this blessed time, especial gifts and graces were showered on the poor old earth making it fine and sweet and warm. Even the scarred and wounded heart desolated with sad memories of brighter, happier days, forgets its own sorrow at such a time, and seeks to comfort some heart more broken still. The Spirit of Christmas is after all, but the Spirit of the Heavenly little Child who came to gladden the human heart and lift the human burden of sin and sorrow. Everything radiates from the manger-cradle of that little Child. All the grace, all the glory, all the happiness comes from the poor stable where between the ox and the ass, the Child was laid.

HOLIDAY HAMPERS

DO you of the old land remember the Christmas hampers? We used to get them galore. There was Aunt Bedelia's hamper, and one from Uncle Terence. The Gran always sent a basket and a fine one came from the rich Dublin relations. The latter usually contained wines of all sorts and magnums of other sorts in which the children were not much interested. The two halls, back and front, were knee deep in straw when the hampers were unpacking. It would be no fun at all to have it done downstairs. There would be father in his shirt-sleeves, with old Micky in an ancient dress suit, leagues too big for him dancing in the background and putting everything in the wrong place. Old Betty would be there with a kitchen wench or so to help—and little mother and all the children—the happy, happy children. With what screeches of delight they would welcome the opening of Aunt B.'s hamper which always held sweet things and dolls! Were there ever such candies as those hard brandy balls and bull's eyes! And the slender sticks of barley sugar, and the pink and white sugar cane, and the sugared almonds. Those *were* candies if you like! Not soft, mealy, creamy chocolates and things such as the children of to-day gloat over. And the goose and the game and the pudding! And the tea done up in pounds all ready to be handed out. The bags of

CONGRESS GOLD EDGES PLAYING CARDS

For Social Play

A card party of 8 friends [illegible] formed. Twenty Congress [illegible] backs & 1 [illegible] tone.

Air-Cushion Finish

50¢ PER PACK

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES Hoyle up-to-date SEND 16 ¢ IN STAMPS

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

For General Play

Since Bicycles outlast other [illegible] these [illegible]

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

25¢ PER PACK

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Will This Happen To Your Family?

IT HAPPENED to another man's family. As long as the father lived his wife and children enjoyed a comfortable home but he forgot the uncertainty of life, and dying left nothing. The mother had to take in sewing for a living.

No man who loves his family has any right to live another day without an insurance policy like the Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn.

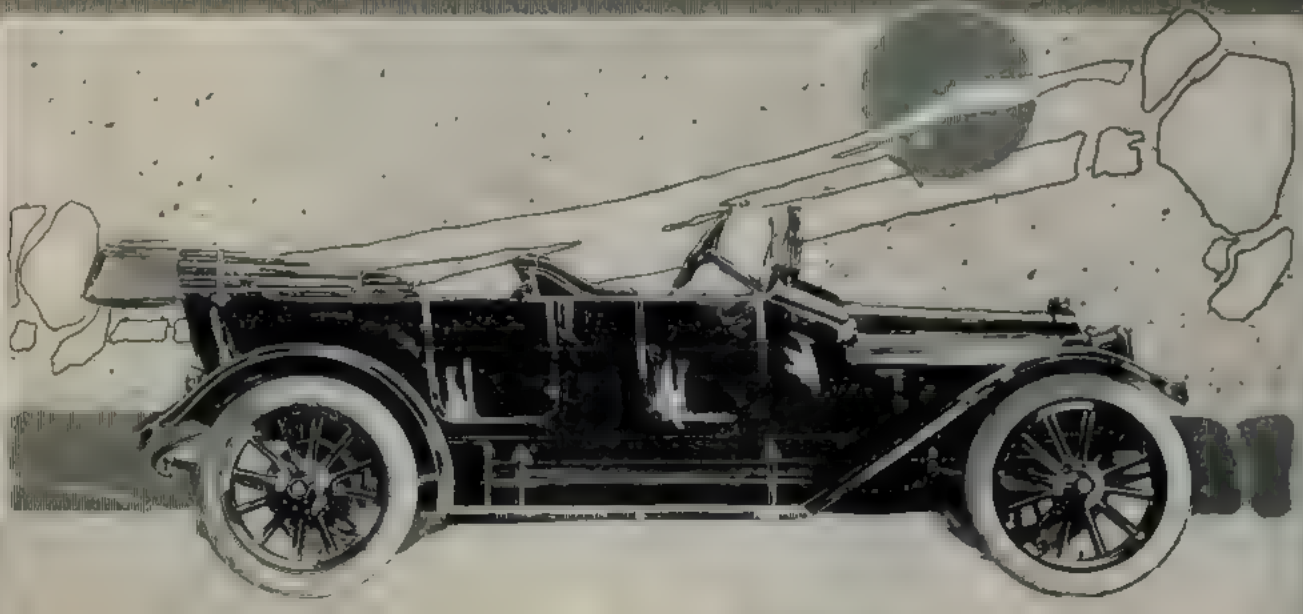
It guarantees the wife and children a safe and certain income paid regularly **every month for life.**

This income cannot be lost or diminished by the inexperience of the wife or the misconduct of others; neither can it be diverted from the purpose for which it was taken out.

The policy does not [illegible] of the insured [illegible] to pay the [illegible] amount of investment with [illegible] family, but with a [illegible] paid [illegible] of the [illegible] are [illegible] to the insured himself and on [illegible] to the [illegible]

MORAL: Insure in The TRAVELERS

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO. Hartford, Conn. [illegible]



Overland

$1250

Completely Equipped

With an electric starter and generator—$1425. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, duty paid

A Revision of Prices Downward

FOUR years ago we marketed a much smaller car, than our 1914 model, for $1550. And this was a bare car—with no equipment.

To-day we offer you a much *larger* car in every respect, refined right-up-to-date and completely equipped for only $1250—25% less than our price four years ago.

Four years ago the wheel base was shorter, the tires smaller, the motor smaller, in fact every essential part of the car represented less value. In addition to that you had to pay extra for all the equipment.

To-day every individual unit is larger than heretofore. Yet the price is 25% under the market of four years ago; is 30% under the present market and has fully 200% greater value.

All of which is accounted for by our gigantic production which has been increased each succeeding season. For 1914 we will build 50,000 cars. And a production of this size is the sole explanation, for it makes possible the numerous economies which *increase* values and *decrease* prices.

Check our price reductions and car enlargements and refinements during the last four years. The facts will astonish you!

Then call on the nearest Overland dealer and minutely examine the 1914 Overland.

And, most advantageous of all, the Overland is the most economical car on tires, gasoline and oil.

There is an Overland dealer near you. 'Phone him for a demonstration to-day.

(Literature on request. Please address Department 3).

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.

Speculation is a Luxury

Can You Afford It?

PUT at least some of your money in our Debentures and know the comfort of an investment from which all risk is eliminated.

4½%

The Huron & Erie Loan & Savings Co.

Main Offices—442 Richmond St., London

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HUME CRONYN, - General Manager

The Pen with the Magic Button

JUST TWIST—AND IT'S FILLED
It's as easy as winding your watch.

For years the "A.A." Self Filler has been giving universal satisfaction. It can be filled from an ink-stand, ink-well or bottle by simply twisting the button. It's cleaned in the same way, and it will not leak or blot.

"A.A." PEN PERFECTION
is rigidly maintained by

Arthur A. Waterman & Co
22 Thames St. New York City

Their pens are made entirely in their own factory from the best materials [illegible] guarantee fully [illegible] part of the "A A" pen [illegible] iridium tipped gold pen point to the "A.A." clip on the cap.

Ask your druggist, stationer or jeweller or write for our new catalogue showing our complete line of self-fillers, middle joint and lower joint fountain pens.

Price, $2.00 and up

Not connected with The L. E. Waterman Co.

STAMMERING

overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE BERLIN, CAN

sugar and spices! The boxes of "surprise packets" containing everything from a warming pan in brown sugar to a piano made of walnuts and butter scotch!

Are there any such hampers nowadays, I wonder? Are the children of these days the merry madcaps they were of old? Everything is the same, my good Pedlar, save you. You alone have changed. Your feet have grown weary with much walking of the ways, your heart heavy with its own sorrow; your spirit tired and oppressed with many disappointments and hope deferred. You alone have changed—not the feast or the children; not the laughter and the delight; not the exquisite carelessness and joy of youth. Christmas is the same. The candies are just as sweet, the nuts as crisp, the cakes as rich, the music as merry. You, toiling along with your old wallet, head bent, and gaze upon the ground, see but the dust of the road and the grass by the wayside. But up above the sun is shining and the sky is blue, and the winds make music in the bare woods, and the children dance lightly as of yore, and shout for joy as the gentle Santa Claus wanders among them and listens to the old story of Christmas told as they sit around the Christmas fire.

A PIE AS WAS A PIE

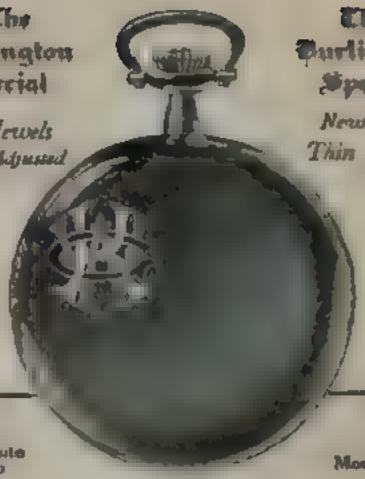
IN Christmas time of the year 1770, a pie was shipped from the country to London, the contents of which were:—Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild duck, two woodcock, six snipe, and four partridge, two neat's tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. It was nine feet about, weighed twelve stone and had to be carried to table by two serving men. There was a pie for you! It would have kept the greediest of little Cratchits going for a week or two and Tiny Tim could have been buried in it, crutch and blessing and all.

Perhaps when we hear him wailing his yearly message through the press, we will wish he might have been.

THE CHRISTMAS GROUCH

LIKE other Christmas blessings it will be with us. The Christmas grouch will meet you sometime before the holidays are over. He will tell you not to fool yourself with the idea that anybody has any extra affection for you on account of the genial anniversary. He will minimize the great feast, which is as bad—or worse—as exaggerating it. He will point out that the season is seized on by the trading community as a time to touch you for all you are good for. The grocers, dry goods and butchers care nothing at all for the sentiment of

The Burlington Special
19 Jewels
Fully Adjusted



The Burlington Special
New Style
Thin Model

Here is an Exquisite Design

New Inlay Monogram

The latest idea in watch cases. Superbly beautiful. Your [illegible] many colors [illegible] newest thing just conceived and offered direct to you

Just Out!

"Inlay Enamel" Monogram

New Ideas in Watch Cases!

Open face or hunting case, ladies' or gentlemen's [illegible] *Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art and Dragon Designs, Etc.* [illegible] beautiful hunting case with your own [illegible] side and the emblem of your lodge or any emblem on the other side. Our catalog shows complete illustrations. See coupon below.

Special Offer!

The superb Burlington Special now at the [illegible] even the wholesale [illegible] perature AND isochromism [illegible] the *world's* most expert watch [illegible] price that even wholesale [illegible] prepaid [illegible]

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Burlington Watch Co.
Dept. [illegible]

Burlington Watch Co.
[illegible] Please send me (without obligation and [illegible] of your [illegible] Watch.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Christmas, he will say. They are out to squeeze out of you and me all that they can. Charity and good works are all poppy-cock. Christmas won't be a fat time for everybody. The few are always sacrificed for the pleasure of the many. The shopkeepers drive their employees off their feet. Christmas has its pitiable as well as its joyous side. And so on. Yet it might be well to look somewhat on the feast from the point of view of the grouch. We are apt—none more so than the writer to whom Christmas always 'makes a

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse would [illegible] to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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hearty appeal—we are apt to over-rate the sentiment of the season. We are apt to forget that there is nothing that happens that is not a source of material profit to somebody, and that Christmas sentiment is counted on for Christmas trade. And we are apt to forget that many, many people will, for sundry reasons be glad when Christmas is over. There are the unloved and lonely who are stung by family parties and cheery festivities in which they have no real part. Memory is busy with such. Christmas time as other times runs the gauntlet of sickness and sorrow and death. In our own joy we are apt to forget the grief stricken and lonely. The only way to observe Christmas is to do it according to one's heart and conscience. It is not kindly to let our own joy in the feat intrude upon the pain or sorrow of others. There can be too much braying and shouting. The word of greeting to those who are lonesome and weary of the pain of living, are more truly redolent of the Spirit of the Season than the rich and hollow gift you give and receive without love

Yet we cannot resist offering the old, old wish—A Merry Christmas to all the world.

Early Celebration

By Kathleen K Bowker

IN the first hush of the morning
When the earth has just awakened,
And the angels deck it freshly
With new glories for the day.

Nature visibly rejoices,
And the tree outside my window,
Thrilled through all its leafy pulses,
Fills me with a deep content.

In the first cool of the sunlight,
Here the birds hold morning service;
Giving thanks because God made them—
Made them birds, instead of people.

Scissor Snips

Mike: Pat, kin yez tell me what kapes thim bricks together?

Pat: Sure, it's the mortar.

Mike Not by a dom sight. That kapes 'em apart.

Outside the Bishop's bedroom, time 8.30 a.m.

The Bishop: Well, what is it?

The New Buttons (anxiously): The Lord, my boy, with the hot water.

"Gripwell is altogether too fond of showing his strength."

"Yes; that's his weakness."

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"I was asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have a curiosity on the point myself."

The Girl Who "Got There"

Continued from page 97.

formances, she turned her back upon the opera company and returned to her instructor in Paris. At the end of another six months her decision was rewarded, and she received the appointment as prima donna soprano at the Royal Opera house in Wuerzburg, Germany.

During her two years' engagement with this organization she sang the prima donna roles of "Mme. Butterfly," "Tosca," "Faust," "I Pagliacci," adding to these the three roles of "The Tales of Hoffmann," and the truly remarkable feat of two characters of widely differing range and quality of voice in "Carmen," the title role and Micaela. Her success was little short of phenomenal. The press and people were most enthusiastic from the time she sang her first role.

Then came the call which brought her back to America. Andreas Dippel was on his annual European still hunt for new talent for the Chicago Grand Opera company. He had visited London, Paris, Milan, and Florence. Finally he came to Carlsbad, where she was at the time, heard her sing, and engaged her forthwith.

There now came a state of affairs which shows that fortune is at times capricious. With all her joy at returning to home and old friends, other considerations entered which made Miss Stanley's stay in Chicago not always an unmixed blessing. She speedily found herself in the same position with many other young singers of the company, ready and anxious to sing, but with the opportunity denied her because there were other singers in the company with previous contracts who had already established themselves in favor of the public.

Added to this, the climate of Chicago is, as all singers know, extremely severe, and Miss Stanley became for the first time in several years afflicted with hoarseness, a misfortune which culminated in an acute attack of bronchitis soon after her first appearance had been announced.

But the evils of life come to an end sooner or later, and she finally recovered in time to make her postponed Chicago debut. On the night of Wednesday, December 18, 1912, she appeared as Prince Charming, in Massenet's fairy opera, "Cendrillon."

Miss Stanley has since declared that she dislikes the role intensely, and never again, if her will is consulted, will she consent to sing it. For one thing, the music is not grateful. Even the resourceful art of Mary Garden, who had sung it the year before, was unable to endow it with importance, and Miss Stanley's experience with it was hardly more favorable. Another cause of embarrassment to Miss Stanley was that the exigencies of the part obliged her to reappear before her friends after an absence of six years in tights. These two reasons, she says, have been enough to put the opera perpetually in her black books.

Nevertheless, her success was immediate. Critics and patrons alike agreed in hailing the remarkable beauty of her voice and the charm of her impersonation. Even the trying episode of the costume was carried off with a sweet, modest, unconscious dignity which won the respect and liking of all the mighty audience.

It would seem that Miss Garden's confidence in the ability of the young artist to learn a role at short notice was created about this time, for about a month thereafter Miss Stanley learned and sang the extremely difficult music apportioned to Maliella, in Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," in a week's time. Later in the year she appeared in "Kuhreigen," which opera, however, enjoyed only a moderate popularity. Miss Stanley insists that it has genuine merit, and that its failure to take a high place was

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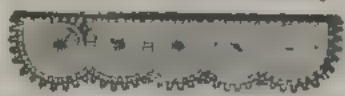

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Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 18, 1912.

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Through my recommendation, I know a number of my friends who have been using it with the same [illegible]

For people troubled with Constipation, I say it's a God-send. Hoping this will help the poor, suffering humanity,

I remain respectfully,

T. Babin,
Proprietor Alexandra Hotel,
Ottawa.

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Address. Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell

Room 701 280 College Street Toronto

due to certain extraneous circumstances which have nothing to do with the work itself.

After the company had finished its western tour and returned to Chicago there was a sudden shifting in its administration. Andreas Dippel resigned as general manager, and Cleofonte Campanini, formerly the general musical director, was chosen to succeed him. In the midst of the confusion and readjustment resulting from this unexpected change, Max Rabinoff, the impresario of the National Grand Opera Company of Canada went to Chicago, consulted a few critics, listened to Miss Stanley sing, and before anyone knew what had happened, went away with a contract which bore her name attached to it

In all probability it is as wise a move as she could have made. Her engagement, which began in November and will extend into April, will carry her into all the leading cities of Canada and a great part of the western United States as well. By a peculiar coincidence, practically all her United States visits will be made about two weeks in advance of the Chicago Grand Opera Company on its second western tour. In addition to her operatic appearances, she has been engaged for a series of recitals in all parts of the continent. Her roles will be the leading parts in "Louise," "Thais," "Heroiade," Mme. Butterfly, "La Boheme," "Faust," and possibly "Kuhreigen," together with several others drawn from her former roles.

In assuming the position of prima donna in the National Grand Opera Company of Canada, Miss Stanley has come into her own. She is deserving of success, and she has attained it. She has everything in her favor. She has youth—she is only twenty-three years old—beauty, and intelligence. She has a voice of caressing loveliness, unusual in its velvety softness and smoothness. It is produced with an effortless ease which means a complete control of its resources. The tone, for all its softness, is full and of carrying power sufficient to dominate any orchestra, and there is in her song the constant suggestion of an ample reserve not drawn upon. Finally, she has true musicianly feeling, and a thorough acquaintance with her roles and the traditions of opera.

She is singularly unspoiled by her achievements. She makes many friends on the stage and off, and she never fails to keep them. Her high regard for her art has never degenerated into that unpleasant phenomenon known as "the artistic temperament." A strong vein of common sense and an innately sweet disposition have preserved in her the same unaffected, likable personality of her early years.

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Wanderfoot

By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY. Those who read "Poppy and the Claw" will be interested in this new writer's third book of note. The plot [illegible]long decidedly new lines, tells the story of a woman journalist suffering under the wand[illegible] [illegible] conditions demanding sweeping treat-[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

ing rope and my camera strapped on
limb. I never
t covered—to my swimming eyes—at least half of a circle, really there were times that the mast stood out almost at right angles to me, instead of above I feared I would never make it! ver by some hard swallowing. I
rope about my legs, lashed myself to the mast with another, put my arms behind me and carefully lifted the focal plane out of its leather rest. By another bit of legerdemain I finally focused it—sky, deck, sea, alternately appearing on the ground glass—and all this while that Viking Gus had been ting the Seeker at a whale that was ully a third longer than our whole t was. I saw the monster disappear and almost instantly we plunged on over his "slick"—a smooth spot the whale makes while diving. Once I saw a sort of a purplish round dim in the green—and if that thing had not changed its mind, had risen in that spot, I would ing these lines, but he rolled us, and gave us just a
had but touched us by a current shook us tremendously.

The next thing I saw was a twin spout of evaporating moist warm air right astern. Gus wheeled the boat put it right at the whale. I think was "berserker" as he said, wild th the spirit of the game, a whole of sea pirates from his ancient ues urging him on. Down d the big blackish animal. It only went a few feet this time and turned and swam along besi ently examining the new creature t had entered the feeding ground pe while it accompanied us I pped it, and three times more I a picture of it on the same plate t with a mighty slap of its huge pped down and we never saw big companion again.

It was just as well it left us, for we now out of sight of the shoreline, the trade wind was nipping the ats off the rollers in fine shape, so put about and seesawed for thirty s up and down those huge rollers ght was falling and we had to thread at outer reef again. We did it y, and next morning we entered the most extensive and luxuriant rata of smell it has ever been our tal lot to encounter. Fritz went about with wrinkled nose. Gus snuffed and growled. I heard the former suggest to "Ginger," "Why not snub on to it and save coal? It's strong enough to draw us anywhere."

I alone knew what it foretold and I kept my peace. In answer to Fritz's questions I enumerated Indian villages, stranded whales, fish cleaning camps without satisfying him. At last a most furious puff assailed our offended nostrils as we rounded a point and entered the bay of the whaling plant. Here, right beside a small wharf, we saw two sulphur bottom whales floating. They had been killed by the big harpoon gun on the bow of one of the whalers. After a few hours work both had been secured, pumped full of air and towed to the wharf, where later we saw one cut up.

A rope, a hook, a tackle and up the incline the big steam drawn carcass went. Instantly it was surrounded by a host of Japs with flensing knives and the blubber stripped from the carcass This was soon placed in the big rendering kettles and we saw oil as pure and

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colorless as water, drawn from the blubber. The whalebone in the mouth of some species is saved. All the residue, save the bones, is made into fertilizer. We examined the various operations with interest—but you ought to have seen the look of slow delight that overspread the blond features of the mate's face when I said "Get steam up," and we sped off to an anchorage as far as we could get from that place where the oily air leaked various undesirable odors, and let the free winds of heaven blow through our staunch old friend the Seeker.

Dust to Dust

Continued from page 96

cruel. But even if he lived to see a thaw, he could not endure the sight and close proximity of the thing upon the floor and remain sane!

He tried to fix his mind on simple familiar things—to remember happenings of his boyhood, rhymes his mother had sung to him, exploits in the adventurous days when squirrel-hunting was wildly exciting sport. He remembered Lizzie Macdonald, who used to sit in front of him at school, whose sleek braids he had often slyly loosened in mischief. Lizzie always lost her hair-ribbons if they weren't plaited into the pig-tail. He would never see her again.

Somehow the night dragged by. Calloway could not sleep; the horror of the awful presence unbalanced his mind at times and he heard his voice rambling on in senseless talk.

In the morning, weak to the point of helplessness, he looked longingly around the shack for a ray of hope. One of the few things within his reach was a box containing paper and a pencil.

Engaged in chronicling his imagined grievances against faithful little McRae he lost all count of time and sometimes space. There were moments when he shouted to old Jack to hold the bow steady or when he cursed him savagely for a fancied mishap. There were moments when he came back to consciousness after a rocking trip in the friendly canoe, and there were other times when his pain-racked body seemed to be dragged by McRae over scorching, jagged rocks.

But he wrote while he could, trying to make his confession complete

At length he lay back exhausted, facing slow death by starvation and cold. It was that or the alternative—provided by a bottle of strychnine which stood mockingly beside the writing paper

Bob Calloway was no coward, but he recognized that the odds were heavily against him.....

As another night of horror closed in he thrust out his hand.....weakly.

Dame Fortune's Daughter

Continued from page 93.

She lifted her head and stared at him. "What good will it do for the poor baby when she wakes up to-morrow morning and finds—" She gritted her teeth and reached for her worn and rusty gloves and then for the long unopened glass.

"Wait!" cried Cowles in a tone that made them all start. His voice fairly rang. "Wait, wait, wait!" he repeated, pulling out his watch and looking at it. They were both staring at him curiously.

"It's Christmas Eve," he said. "The stores are open until midnight! It's only a little after ten o'clock. Come on for a cab and Yonge Street! Here's where we knock the eve out of one set of troubles!"

The fat little proprietor of the five and ten cent store was galvanized from weary somnambulance into new life when two young men and a very pretty (even though a bit shabby) young woman leaped out of a cab to his counters. He bounced around and scurried and exhorted his clerks into a state of thorough irritation. But their work was all the gayer for curiosity and then hearty [illegible] the three customers' [illegible] quarrelling, and [illegible] down to his [illegible]. The fat proprietor went down into the cellar and came up [illegible] and packing [illegible] with two clerks especially [illegible] and [illegible] of toys [illegible]. The [illegible] doll and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and more dolls [illegible] and [illegible] and flying machines and Noah's arks and little [illegible] all [illegible] and [illegible] dishes [illegible].

[illegible] the same mind." [illegible] "I'll throw the [illegible] up. How [illegible]"

The fat proprietor, exuding greasy appreciation, made figures on a pad. "Fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents." And, with a burst of generosity, added "I'll throw off the six cents."

Robert laughed, but Cowles was [illegible].

"Bobs," he said, "I'm afraid we've gone [illegible] enough. Half of fifteen is [illegible]. I [illegible]."

But [illegible] Mrs. Cowles [illegible] "Something [illegible] them. [illegible] I come in?"

She thrust a five dollar bill into Robert's hand.

[illegible] She flushed, and in the next breath [illegible]

Thank you [illegible] quietly.

In a [illegible] and a Christmas tree cut away from the [illegible] Mrs. Cowles and Cowles [illegible] Robert [illegible] there was trouble but the Christmas tree had been put in.

[illegible] for Jim [illegible] Merry Christmas to the kid."

[illegible] digital [illegible] walk.

Tell me about it [illegible] Robert. He went.

Cowles [illegible]

We had to wake the [illegible] the next room," he said. "At first they were [illegible] and [illegible] But [illegible] and sweet [illegible]

The Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams'
Holder Top
Shaving Stick
The nickeled top in which the stick is securely fastened affords a most convenient holder for the fingers. The shorter the stick becomes, the more you appreciate this Holder-Top device.
The soap itself will give you the same quick, cool, creamy, abundant lather that has commended Williams' Shaving preparations to generations of shavers.
OTHER FORMS OF WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS ARE.
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SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets
In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them we have prepared very attractive sets or samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent, postpaid, for 24 cents in stamps.
Men's Suit Case Set
Contains
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Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
Women's Suit Case Set
Contains
Cold Cream
Vanishing Cream
Violet Talc Powder
Carnation Talc Powder
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
After Shaving Use Williams' Talc Powder
Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A
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never get the darned old tree up, for the mother's hugging her. Say, it was the grandest looking tree since the Garden of Eden. Honest!. . . And when it was all fixed, the folks wanted to go in and wake up the baby and bring it out, and light up, and let Sadie see the fun . . . . Sadie wouldn't have it. She laughed a little . . said she didn't believe in Christmas-Eve trees, morning was the time to have 'em. I didn't laugh. Couldn't. . . I saw her face and it 'most broke my heart. . . . Then they asked her to come down in the morning; she said she couldn't. Said she was going away on a long journey before morning—oh, no, Bobs, it's all right; she may have meant to kill herself—I think she did but she won't now; it's all right. Wait till I tell you. And we walked up to her flat . . . oh, I forgot to say, that on the way uptown she got to crying like a little girl because she didn't have any dolly of her own and I bought her one: horrible thing; painted china face and 'most as big as she was . . . .we walked up to her flat; she had the doll in her arms with her head down on it. I lighted the gas. She walked into her bedroom . . . laid the doll under the cover with its head on the pillow and threw herself down beside it

"I started to say something and she lifted up her head and told me to get out and the quicker the better . . . then she fell down beside the doll again and began to cry. I never heard anybody cry like that. I went out to the door and rattled the handle . sneaked back to her door again, because I didn't dare leave her—you know—after the way she had been feeling and talking. She cried herself to sleep with her arm out across that doll.
So I turned the lights out and came away."

"What are we going to do now?" said Roberts after a while

"I tell you what we're going to do," said Cowles. "You and I are going down to the Metropole and get hold of Ted Tonwill and make him give Sadie Cargill a chance—a *good* chance—in his new show. He'll do it if we ask him, both of us together. And she will keep steady and make good. And we'll send her a telegram about it so she will get it first thing in the morning, before she gets to thinking any more about 'long journeys.'"

"Good! Of course that's w do," cried Roberts. Only le Because I am going over to get Rose. and tell her what a cad I know I am. And" (not without the hurry of embarrassment), "I don't want to wake her father up any later than is necessary."

Cowles reached out and took his hand and gripped it, saying not a word. They turned toward the Metro-

pole. In twenty steps Roberts stopped short and pulled Cowles under a street lamp.

"But look here, Charley," he said, "what are *you* going to do? We've fixed Miss Cargill up all right. And, bless her, she has fixed me up. But I don't see that either of us has done anything for you."

"You have done just this," said Charley a little unsteadily. "Instead of taking to the rosy and thorny path and graft, I'm going over to the station to get the one o'clock train for Hamilton where I've got an aunt who has been begging me to come down over Christmas. And when I've got a little rested and my nerves steadied down, I'm going to take a night desk at the *Times* at forty per. It will be monotonous but decent. But, Bobs——"

Through a break in the roar of the city's night came the far-off tinkle of chimes ringing in the Christmas morn. Cowles looked up at the sky. So did Roberts. The sky, veiled all but a single star twinkling through the flying clouds. They looked at each other and then, because they both saw things in their faces that wouldn't quite bear looking at, turned their eyes away and walked on.

"But, [illegible] continued Cowles softly after a while, "this has always been a day for beginning things over again, rather. . . .And it wasn't I who helped—or you—or even Sadie Cargill. It was—a Little Child."

Toy-makers' Town

Continued from page 83

unusual for wealthy parents to spend as high as a thousand dollars for single toys, such "toys" being in the nature [illegible] city to the squadron of steam warships—such things as the gyroscope and the mechanical toy are also popular, and educative. The carpentry outfits are made of fine steel and are entirely practical for the inventive youngster. The [illegible] ble broom and dustpan is made in miniature form for the young housekeeper, as [illegible] the wash-tub and wash-board whereon she can really scrub out dolly's clothes to whiteness. After all play is largely work in miniature—work that stern reality doesn't drive you to do, with the inexorable lash.

And most of these wonderful mechanical contrivances are the work of the foreign makers—of the humble, [illegible] proof of the ingenuity of these master toy makers was the "electric city" displayed in an American store last Christmas, an entire municipality being reproduced in miniature, even to the extent of a burning building and a fire department of toy firemen which dashed up and extinguished the blaze.

The trend at present is largely in an educational direction and many toys are now offered that have an actual vocational value. These range all the way from the working-model of a cinematograph to the toy Zeppelin airship that really flies and from the complete stone building blocks to the steel girders and trestles with which a modern "sky-scraper" may be built on the floor.

And so when you go shopping this year in answer to your small child's letter to "Dear Old Santa" just don't forget that there is a real Kris after all. And when you see the words "Made in Germany" or "Made in France" conjure in your mind a picture of the humble but happy workers of Alt Nuremberg or of the Temple quarters in Fr[illegible]

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"
MERRY CHRISTMAS to all the little Fairies in all the happy households in this goodly land. And Merry Christmas to all their proud parents, from the makers of
FAIRY SOAP
¶It is the "little Fairies" of this country, and their parents, who have helped us to make Fairy Soap so popular.
¶Fairy Soap is always white, clean, pure and sweet—the oval, floating cake fits the hand—and we couldn't make it cost any more unless we hid its good with expensive scents.
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Without exception the most widely popular Toilet Perfume in use.

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful. It is simply indispensable in the Bath-room and on the Dressing-table. . . .

Ask Your Druggist for It. Accept no Substitute!

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP,
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INVALIDS' PORT
à la Quina du Pérou
A BIG BRACING TONIC

is a rational preparation that has the hearty support of the modern physician. It is a superb brain and nerve tonic that successfully combats the depressing effects of sudden and unseasonal changes in temperature which exhaust the most robust unaided organism. Doctors know!

Prepared from the rich juice of selected Oporto grapes and extract of the Peruvian Cinchona Bark—absolutely no alcohol or other harmful ingredients are added.

105

Do Away With Bands of Steel and Rubber

TRUSS-WEARERS, Here's Great, Good, News.

FREE

PLAPAO CORPORATION, Block 1187, St. Louis, Mo.

Heel of Achilles

Continued from page 101

forgets He's so popular with the boys. Jack is . . . . . And it's Christmas Eve.

Warry passed the brightly lighted drug store without thinking of the directory. In his mind was the proud description of a weak man, given by the uncomplaining woman who suffered most from his weakness. "He's big, and broad-shouldered, a handsome, straight-backed man, with a smile that would break your heart," she had said, the light of pride and love in her eyes And for the first time Suite 52, Warwick Apartments, seemed to lack something

Dissatisfied still with his role of Santa Claus, but with little thrills of unaccustomed emotion rioting in his mind, he struck out aimlessly for the west end business street where he could see a busy crowd of laden pedestrians passing quickly up and down. On his way, animated bundles urged him recklessly from the sidewalk, and happy faces over the tops were connected with striding feet below by the most unusual, higgledy-piggledy of bodies. It was Christmas eve with a vengeance.

As he passed a saloon the throng of men crowding in and out reminded him vividly of the man who was "so popular with the boys," and of the woman silently waiting at home for that which was more to her than any Christmas present. A drunken man staggered against him, and Warry peered anxiously into the leering face And peering, he ran full tilt into a huge fellow half hidden behind a pile of the most awkward of parcels. He turned to apologize, but too late to anticipate the laugh that came down to him from a swarthy, crease-lined face that told of daily contact with molten metal.

A couple of men standing before the swinging door of a redolent saloon heard the boisterous laugh and waved beckoning hands at the big fellow.

"No, thanks!" called the man in answer. "Going home to the wife and kids to-night."

"Nonsense, Lester!" urged one of the men. "This is Christmas eve, man!" He pushed open the swinging door as he spoke, and the heavy odor of liquor came to the street in a warm waft. Lester's face clouded and his lips closed on the reply that had been forming.

Warry, who had been standing intent from the first greeting, thought rapidly. He stepped up and touched the arm that was pressed down over a long, flat parcel.

"May I speak to you a moment?" he asked, his heart throbbing with a curious nervousness. A big thing in his life was offering itself, and being the first he was determined to seize it with hands and feet. Indeed, at that moment he was prepared to try hopeless physical persuasion should the man turn from him to the saloon. "Your name is Jack Lester, is it not?" he asked in trepidation.

"Right you are," came the answer, as a pair of heavily browed eyes turned down upon him. "And not ashamed of it—most times . . . . Are you real sure it's me you want?" taking in Warry's jaunty figure from spats to opera hat. "If it's a con game it's not

Residence of F. C. Borsh, Corner High Park Boulevard and Indian Road, Toronto, Roofed with

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If you buy any other roofings, you do so on the understanding that they *may* last five, ten, fifteen or even twenty years. But you know that all this time they will be steadily deteriorating, until, when you least desire it, they will fail

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You cannot build a house too good for a roof of *ASBESTOSLATE*, for besides being practically everlasting, it is absolutely fireproof and decidedly artistic Yet it costs less than natural slate or tile, and but little more than those roofings which must be frequently renewed.

ASBESTOSLATE is made in "shingles" of various shapes and sizes, in Newport Grey, Indian Red and Blue Black.

Write for Booklet M giving full information, to

Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Limited

Address E. T. Bank Building., 263 St. James St., Montreal.

Factory at Lachine, P. Q., near Montreal.

Gifts That Failed

Continued from page 105.

might have been, and whether it would not have been better after all. I am afraid that I am writing this like a sentimental school girl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has come to me as a message from you. Is it not really a confession, Sidney? You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

"GERTRUDE."

"Dear Brother: Greetings to you from the happiest household in town, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Uncle Sidney. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you learn that Roman colors had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not be trusted to select anything for a woman, but it is a libel, a base libel, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most beautiful thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlor, and it is the envy of every one who has been in to-day. A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a [illegible] to [illegible] boy [illegible] to priate and yet so much out of the ordinary.

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chafing-dish party after prayer meeting, and I asked John to open a bottle of olives for me. Well, he broke the small blade of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get down town again, I'm going to buy a cork-screw.' Fortunately he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found use for it, as it happened that he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning.

"As for Fred's lovely books—thank goodness you didn't send him any more story books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The [illegible] the [illegible] Sunday school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morning.

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doll quilt? She insists that she did not but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wants pieces of silk above anything else in the world? The perfectly lovely cravats which you sent will more than complete the quilt, and I think mamma will get some of the extra pieces for herself. Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner some Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the box we had sent over to your hotel, but we will try to make up the difference in heart-felt gratitude. Don't forget [illegible] Sunday. Your loving sister,

"KATHERINE."

"Well, what do you know about that?" inquired Mr. Sidney Payson, as he laid down the last of the letters, and addressed the circumscribing atmosphere. "What *do* you know about that? Will on the ice! Genevieve making doll-quilts out of [illegible]" Speech failed him, and he sat before his cosy bachelor hearth, staring at the fire.

After all, the habits of bachelorhood are only habits, and are capable of being broken, though usually a sound of rending and groans accompanies the disseverance. It is to be noted that Mr. Sidney Payson's countenance displayed a singular appearance of upheaval. For one thing, his Christmas dinner had not disagreed with him. The pretty girl who had been assigned him, had suggested a walk in the afternoon, and had led him a vigorous hike which he had been too polite to decline to endure. Presumably, it had helped the mince-pie and the chestnut dressing—it really was a tremendously good dinner—to lie easy; and Mr. Sidney Payson felt cheerful and young in consequence.

"By Jove!" he ruminated, glancing again at Brother Will's letter, "I'm not so old myself—two years younger than he is. If he can skate with a pretty girl, by jiminy, so can I.

He picked up the telephone reflectively. I'll call Will and ask him if he'll let me and my girl in on his rink. Yes, sir, my girl, by jinks!"

Deliberately he took the receiver off the hook and called his number, an undeniable grin on his face. Mr. Sidney Payson had renewed his youth.

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And if ordinary Anti-skids could measure up to the demands of safety, would motorists pay more for Dunlop Traction Treads as they do now?

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Gifts That Failed

Continued from page 105.

might have been, and whether it would not have been better after all. I am afraid that I am writing this like a sentimental school girl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has come to me as a message from you. Is it not really a confession, Sidney? You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

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[illegible] thank goodness [illegible] reading [illegible] Mamma. We were pleased to [illegible] that he read it for about an hour this [illegible]

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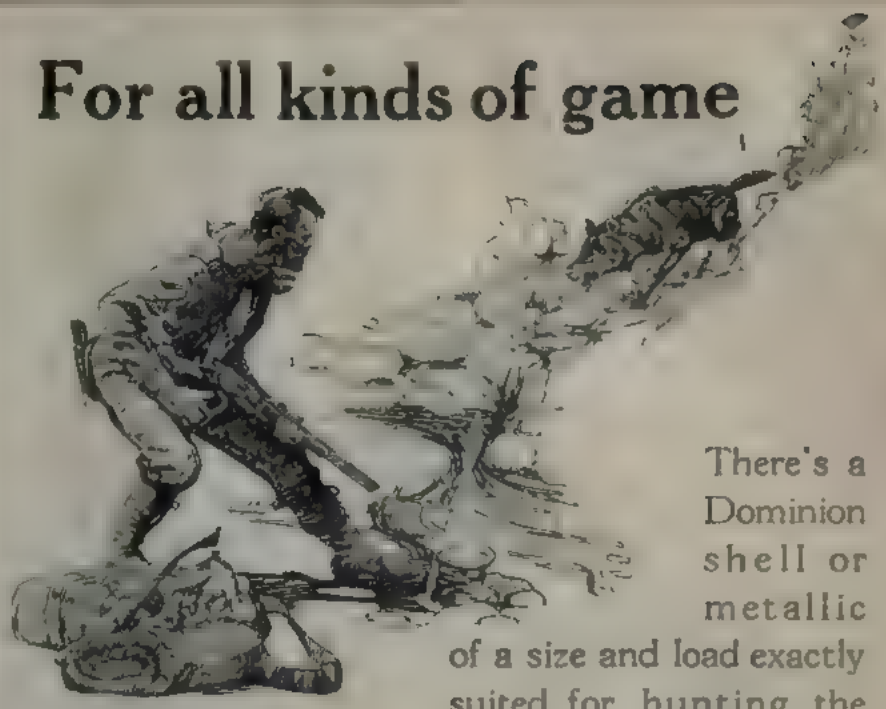
For all kinds of game



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Mapleine Fudge

It's really the most delicious of all fudges, and very acceptable because it's different.

2 cups white sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 piece of butter (size of egg), 1 teaspoonful of Mapleine. Cook 15 minutes. Take off and beat until grains. Pour on buttered plate.

You can vary this by adding chopped nuts, figs dates cocoanut, etc.

Mapleine also flavors white sugar syrup, desserts, frostings, ices and dainties.

GROCERS SELL IT.

Send 2c stamp for Recipe Book.

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CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
78 Duchess Street, - - Toronto

The Woman of It

Continued from page 87.

with him would be a good steady business transaction and you would know where you were."

Monro took his pipe out of his mouth and looked straight at his daughter out of his luminous eyes, "I understand," he said, "you had rather that, than pretense of love?"

"A thousand times rather, dad." She had thrown off her whimsical manner. "A good many of them forget that there is a woman inside the wrappings of the millions. If you were poor, I should have a chance. Dad, you think I am a fool, don't you, but I just want to be loved, and I want to fall in love. I can have everything in the world that money can buy, but I want that more even than Louis the fourteenth chairs," she added jestingly, a little ashamed of her emotion. Monro nodded his head, "I always knew you had that inside you," he said gravely.

"And when mother sits and sends out invitations by the score to all these people, who laugh at you behind your back and accept your hospitality and wonder how much you are going to settle on your daughter, when all that goes on, I want to run away somewhere and find someone who will love me and cherish me and who would not care if you lost every penny that you had."

"I could lose it quite easily," said Monro.

"Mother would not like that at all and you know dad, she is happy. When Miss Searle came to-day and mother felt that she was important enough to need a secretary, her cup of joy was full. She will wear her secretary with as much pleasure as her diamond tiara or her ropes of pearls and there is something so dear about her, that one can't help being pleased that she should get so much pleasure out of it all."

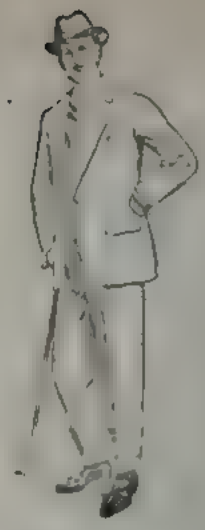
"You don't get much then?" he asked shrewdly.

"Oh, I get some, at odd times, not half as much as I did seven years ago when you first began to arrive and had bought the house at Pinelands and I used to ride my pony bare-backed and run about the lawns in my bare feet."

"You were a bit of hoyden, then," he said and grinned. "I remember your mother was scared to death that we should never get you toned down to European standard."

They both laughed and Valerie came and sat down on the arm of the precious Louis the fourteenth chair.

"That dealer would have fits," she observed quietly. "I am sure he thinks the last thing one ought to do to these chairs is to sit on them—probably the peerage keep them in their marble halls under glass cases."



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Monro smoked his pipe out before he said anything—then he went to the flower-decked balcony, knocked the ashes out and put his pipe back into his pocket. "Who is the man who is worrying you?" he asked abruptly.

"It is not one man," said Valerie soberly, "it is several."

"For example?"

She ticked them off on her fingers, "There is Matlock, Zoe told me that he had proposed to her already, and there is Marchdale, who is Scotch and proud and hates the painful necessity."

She broke off for a moment with a laugh." Oh Jonathan! if you saw his manner of wooing. He is so careful and he seems to test everything he says, lest I should place undue value on it and I simply can't help leading him on. You should have seen his face when I said, 'but Lord Marchdale, I should not find it dull at all, I should love to live in Scotland.'"

"I can't have my daughter a flirt," said Monro.

"I've got to be what they make me," said the girl, "I do it in self-defence, dad."

Is there anyone else?"

"Yes there is that decent little man, Denzil Merton," said Valerie. "I think he really cares for me, dad. If your fortune melted away, I don't think he would go with it. He is a good little fellow."

"Then why would he not do?"

She gave him a whimsical look, and pulled down the corners of her very expressive mouth, "I think it must be very hard to love a little man, dad. He is inches shorter than I am."

"What do inches matter?"

"You would not say that, Jonathan, if you were not taller than mother! You would not care to go about, not only feeling that she was your better half, but conscious that she was looking it."

"I suppose not," he said.

"And you know there is not any hurry," said the girl, "I'm quite young yet and you both like Europe. Somewhere, there must be someone who would make me feel something, who would make me forget that I am the rich Miss Monro, who has millions coming to her. Dad, there must be some man whom I can love."

"Yes," he said slowly, "but it would break your mother's heart, if you did not marry some one of standing, Valerie."

"I know." Her tone was almost petulant. "It does not matter about my heart, I suppose." Then she repented of her petulance. "I did not mean that at all," she said. "I know you love me, both of you. Don't say anything to mother about our talk."

"I had no intention to do so," he said with a grin, that Valerie knew and loved, it was so rare to get a smile. Presently he said, "Neither had I any intention of telling her that I had smoked my pipe in here. The primitive instinct of self-preservation, my child! You and I have long ago concluded a defensive alliance! My dear, I wish I were back again in Winnipeg, playing over grades with old Forbes. These idle days are very long."

"Hush! Here is mother," said Valerie, and with a characteristic swirl of her long gown, Mrs. Monro entered.

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"Valerie, you are not riding this morning? I heard Lord Matlock say he was riding in the park to-day. He said it to you, if I do not mistake"

"You do not mistake."

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"But there is no need for me to marry anybody," said the girl, "I don't like him, mother, and I won't encourage him."

Mrs. Monro shrugged her shoulders "Martin, you have not been out. I can't understand why you don't take a turn in the park, or do something, you are not like me, I am so busy I don't know what to do with myself. You have nothing to do the live-long day, but read your paper."

"That is why I am so inexpressibly bored," said her husband.

"Are you bored?" She opened her eyes wide. "Really, my dear, could you not find something to do. In this world, there is so much work to be done. I have been slaving, literally slaving since nine o'clock this morning. Miss Searle is a treasure, she almost takes the words out of my mouth, it seems to me that she must be a thought reader. She puts down actually what I want to say and in excellent English too. She has no objection to going with me to committees, and making a *precis* of everything that is said. A woman like that is invaluable."

"I am glad you got her," said her husband drily.

"So am I. Could you not take a little interest in the flower girls' alliance?"

"I'll give you a cheque gladly," said her husband.

Then there was a silence and Monro got up. "Valerie, will you run down to Ryde with me?" he asked. "The yacht is in the roadstead there. We might get a run round the island."

"Yes dad, I'd love to." But Mrs. Monro extended a languid hand.

"My dear boy, how forgetful you are. How can Valerie go away in the middle of the season? You have an engagement too. Don't you remember we are dining with Lord Merton? He is taking us on to Covent Garden to hear the new tenor."

"I don't care about tenors," said Monro, looking sideways at his daughter.

"They are not in my line either," said Valerie.

"But we simply can't disappoint Lord Merton—the thing can't be done. It is ill-bred. We promised more than a week ago."

"A week ago is a week ago," said Monro, still watching Valerie.

"Nobody doubted that—what do you mean, exactly?"

"Valerie may not care to accept favors from Lord Merton."

Mrs Monro turned to her daughter, "Have you quarrelled with him, Valerie?" "No," said the girl with a little laugh. "How would you begin quarrelling with Denzil Merton? There is not such a thing as a quarrel in him. He is a dear little man.

mother, and I like him awfully, but I shall never do anything but like him. "It is not fair to take his dinners and his opera-boxes and to know that you do not intend to give him anything in return. . . . It is not fair to encourage him to go on caring for me. I would not mind if it were any of the others—it would not hurt them to be let down—but Lord Merton is tender-hearted. I hate hurting him."

Mrs. Monro's delicate brows were lifted in amazement—Valerie was not in the habit of speaking out so strongly to her.

"It seems to me, that you have a very considerable amount of feeling for Lord Merton," she said drily, "and also a knowledge of his character."

"Anybody can have that," said the girl." He is as transparent as a child."

"Then I cannot see what there is against him. He is short and he is not handsome, but surely you do not want to marry an Adonis. They don't make good husbands as a rule."

"I like his face," said Valerie, rather perversely. "It is a good face, mother."

"Then why not give yourself a chance of growing to like him? It seems to me that would be the only sensible thing to do."

"I should never get fond of him in that way."

"Give yourself the chance. You agree with me, Martin?"

Monro looked from his wife to his daughter. His sympathies were entirely with the latter. At the same time, he thought she was strong enough to take her own line and he hated disappointing the charming woman, for whom he was sacrificing his daily inclinations. If it amused her to sit in Lord Merton's box, to wear her tiara and to listen to the new tenor, what on earth did it matter? He and Valerie were fond of music, although not given to enthusiasm about popular favorites, and he knew that if they could have sneaked off quietly to some obscure part of the theatre by themselves, they would have looked forward to it. Then why not give way to that eminently sensible woman, his wife?

For he recognized that she was eminently sensible, that all her suggestions were tinged with the purest type of common-sense. Only was it his fault, that in the hearts of both Valerie and himself, there dwelt a grain of that old-world, half-forgotten thing — the sense of romance?

CHAPTER III.

Denzil, Lord Merton, was awaiting his guests with feverish excitement. He had changed but slightly from the plain little boy with the irregular features, and lovable eyes, who had been the friend of the boy, Robert Sinclair. He was still short and lacking in dignity, but there was in him that quality which attracted men and women to him.

He had succeeded to the title in his fifteenth year and his mother and he were still the best of companions. Lady Merton had never had any other children and she had given her whole life to the bringing up of her boy.

And now as he stood there, playing nervously with the seal on his fob, his eyes glittering with suppressed excitement, you could see at a glance, that this was not an ordinary occasion to him. His eyes were fixed on the door—he saw none of the many beautiful women who came into the well-known restaurant with a flutter of their silken skirts and the gay sound of laughter. He might have been a thousand miles from anywhere, waiting in the groves of Arcady for the maid he loved. Indeed he was there—there is only one place for all true lovers! For this plain little man, who went fussily through the world, engaged in many,

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and mostly, futile attempts to make the world a little better, had it in him to love truly; and because he had been dowered with that doubtful gift, the love of beauty, only that which was lovely, attracted him. But beauty had to be coupled with goodness—he hated any thing that was vicious.

Surely they were late. Perhaps they were not coming. Beauties were proverbially capricious, and he had nothing to offer her, but what she had a thousand times better herself. For he was a very humble-minded little man and he was only too painfully conscious that he possessed neither brilliance nor appearance. One of the things that perplexed him daily, was, whether it would not be better to replace those irregular but serviceable teeth of his with some that might add to his appearance. It sounds ridiculous and laughable, but in reality it was neither, for it was a thought that sprang from his humble thought that if his looks were only more comely, Valerie might grow to care for him a little

He was almost beginning to despair of their coming when he saw Monro and his wife with Valerie at their side coming towards him. They were a noticeable trio. Valerie, despite her determination not to encourage Denzil, had made herself look remarkably lovely. The young man noticed that many heads were turned to look at her as she passed by. If Valerie was not blind to the admiration she excited, at least she appeared to be so, and she could no more help greeting Merton with a charming smile, than she could help looking uncommonly beautiful.

"We are horribly late," she said; "blame our motor for it."

"You are here," he said with a sigh of deep content that betrayed unconsciously the tension that he had undergone. He turned nervously to Mrs. Monro. "You cannot tell how grateful I am to you for coming." Monro looked at him very kindly and he thought what he had often thought before—that this unpretentious man was one to whom he would like to give his charming, whimsical daughter.

If the conversation during dinner was brilliant, it was due entirely to Valerie. She liked her host and although she knew that she was perhaps encouraging him to hope vainly, she could not help trying to make the dinner he was giving them, a success.

"He shall have a perfectly happy evening," she said to herself. "He may have to pay for it afterwards, but I will make it worth while to him."

"What is the girl at?" thought Monro to himself. "Is she thinking of him after all?" In his heart, he felt vexed, that she should be preparing pain for so excellent a fellow.

But Merton was in the altitudes where all mundane things are forgotten. He scarcely knew what was being said or done around him, and when after dinner, he wrapped the girl's light cloak round her and his hand came in contact with her shoulder, it was to him as if by accident he had touched something divine.

Valerie understood his feelings and she was very quiet during the drive to the theatre. "I won't let this go on," she said to herself passionately. "It will hurt him too much. I am capable of saying yes to him, just because I cannot bear to think of his being unhappy." And they went into the crowded opera-house and into Merton's box and Mrs. Monro busied herself with her glasses, bowing from time to time to those friends whom she discovered.

Monro watched her, a little smile playing round that guileless looking mouth. "Valerie is quite right—she does get enjoyment out of things," he thought to himself. She was far the most business-like of the three—she was the only one who got her money's worth out of life!

Valerie looked pale, he thought and distraite, but when the first note of music sounded, she began to revive. She had a strange liking for music, dependent entirely on her moods.

"Have you heard Sinclair?" Merton asked of her when they had first seated themselves.

"The new tenor? No, not yet."

"They say he is wonderful."

"They always say that—but I have never heard a wonderful tenor. When they can sing, they can't act and when by chance they can do both, they are fat."

"And that is a crime?"

He could afford to ask that question, for he himself, he was thankful to say, was not fat.

"It is no crime in an ordinary man, although I confess to admiring the spare build of my country-men, but when a man plays a romantic part, I do consider it a crime to be fat."

"Romance should always then, have a beautiful exterior?" he asked wistfully.

The sound of his voice touched her. "I don't think many people know the meaning of the word," she said; "those that do, have a possession of doubtful value."

And then the music began and Valerie felt acutely responsive.

It was an opera she loved and she was quite still drinking in the music when the knight, Lohengrin, came in. She loved the subtle harmonies, the weaving of the strains and she was glad that it should first hear the new tenor in the title part. And when at last a burst of applause, the figure in its bright armour came forward, she turned to Lord Merton, "At least, he is not fat," she said lightly, under her breath.

He was not, that was certain—he stood there, tall and straight and slight, his crisp golden hair catching the light and his deep blue eyes, looking, not on the excited audience, but on his fellow-actors. There was something gallant in his bearing—something knightly—Valerie leaned forward and took a long look at him.

He showed just a trifle of impatience at the long continued applause as if it annoyed him and when it had subsided, he lifted his voice and sang

And as if by magic, a hush fell on the audience. For the new tenor's voice had that quality in it, that moves the hearts of men and women alike—that something, that stirs one to nobler heights and higher aspirations—that something, that touches even the most frivolous. Mrs Monro turned at the end of the song and murmured "beautiful!"—she could never enjoy anything without voicing

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her appreciation. Monro felt strange and thought, without knowing why, of the days when he was a lad and had lain on his back in a pine-wood and had listened to the wind soughing above him and Valerie thought of nothing, except that here was Romance, beautifully apparelled!

But it was Denzil Merton, who at the end of the first act, seemed most excited. "I believe I know him," he cried. "I believe I used to play with him when I was a boy of twelve in Rome. It must be he! I loved him with all my heart."

"And forgot him straightway! Now, we know what you do, when you love, Lord Merton."

It was Valerie who spoke and she could no more help speaking lightly than she could help her heart beating violently. She did not want them all to guess how touched she had been. For when, at the end of the first act, the knight had appeared before the footlights and had bowed his acknowledgments she had caught his eyes and had held them for a moment. She had thought at the time, that every one in the opera house must have seen that exchange of looks.

"Probably," she said to herself, "every foolish woman in the theatre believes that he has looked at her—it is the art of those actors." But she felt troubled and hence her light speech to Lord Merton. "No, by George," said the little man. "I can't love like that. I have never forgotten him and often my mother and I have spoken of him and have wondered what had become of him."

"How long ago is it?"

"Twelve years ago," said Lord Merton," he used to play with me when we were staying in Rome, where my father had been entrusted with rather a delicate piece of diplomacy. I went to a little school kept for English boys and there I fell in love with Sinclair so much so that I gave my mother no peace until she allowed me to ask him home to play with me. She fell in love with him too, although there was something very disreputable about the father, I believe. Perhaps I am quite wrong about that," he added hurriedly, for he hated saying anything derogatory about anyone, "one [illegible]."

"And I suppose you [illegible] of him which you left Rome."

"Before that. He came to play with me one afternoon, and I never saw him after. He just disappeared. I saw his father once in the distance afterwards—I was horribly frightened of him, but I missed Robert so much that I ran towards him. But he eluded my pursuit, and although [illegible] years ago, I seem to see the boy now, with his clustering golden curls and his deep blue eyes. That must be his own hair he wears."

Valerie looked into his [illegible] with a smile. She was interested [illegible] not know why. She [illegible] beautiful little boy whom [illegible] scribed and she had in addition caught a glimpse of the golden heart of [illegible].

"Was there a mother?" she asked.

"Yes, he loved her passionately; a tall, golden-haired woman. I remem-

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ler her, wearing a sculptor's blouse of blue. She used to model little terra-cotta figures. I can see her long, slender hands now."

"Perhaps she is here, listening to her song," said Valerie. "It must be wonderful to have a gift like that."

"Yes it must be," said Denzil. He spoke with the deep feeling that she had always known he possessed. "It must be wonderful to have talent or beauty or any other gift like that." It seems to make men and women a race to themselves.

"Why don't you go and claim his acquaintance?"

She knew quite well why he did not go, but affected ignorance. She knew quite well, that while he could sit close by her, he would not move to claim acquaintance with anyone, not even the boy who had held his childish heart. Valerie understood the little man quite well. "I don't think he would like it," he answered. "he does not seem the sort of man who would like a host of adorers round him during the play."

"No, he does not," she said.

The door of the box opened and let in a few callers. Valerie resented them. Denzil, with his reminiscences, suited her mood. All these people with their gushing comments filled her with impatience

"All the women are in love with him," she heard pretty little Mrs Desborough say, "His photographs are selling like wild-fire."

"I don't wonder at it, at all," said Mrs. Monro placidly. "I am half in love with him myself."

Valerie knew that her mother's heart had, and always would be secure in her husband's keeping, but it was evidently the fashion to declare oneself in love with Sinclair, and Mrs. Monro was nothing if not fashionable. The girl also knew that her mother was not even capable of appreciating the true artistic quality of the new tenor's performance. It seemed to her as if they were lowering the man by their expressions of admiration.

"You have been very quick, mother," she commented. It was quite unusual for her to say anything sarcastic to her mother.

"It is love at first sight," said Mrs. Desborough. Why on earth did they prate about love?

Then the second act began and Valerie listened as she had never listened before. It was the man's personality as well as his singing and acting that fascinated her. She felt ashamed of her absorption. After all, it was only acting! The real man would be quite different. He did not look her way again, she thought probably he was quite unconscious of her and that vexed her unreasonably. She had always been so much admired, so much sought after, that it seemed to her natural that if she only as much as glanced at a man he would want to look at her again—and the knight Lohengrin seemed quite oblivious of her interest.

"Of course he is," she thought to herself at the end of the opera. "He could not be aware of me! Why am I such a fool all of a sudden? I am as bad as Mrs. Desborough."

Her mother was thanking Lord Merton for his hospitality in her charming way as they threaded their way through the crowd. Mrs. Monro never hurried out. She liked this elegant crowd, liked the feeling that she w

part of it. Decidedly Mrs. Monro enjoyed life. Valerie was impatient to be gone, she wanted to keep her impressions pure. Martin Monro, who always hated a crowd, felt her hand press his arm impatiently. "What is it?" he asked. "Do you want to be off, Valerie?"

"Yes," said the girl shortly. She always knew that her father understood her.

He shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Monro had halted to exchange a word with a friend. Lord Merton came towards her.

"You enjoyed it?" he asked.

"So much," said the girl, "that I don't want to speak about it." She could always speak out to Lord Merton.

"I understand," he said.

"And he may be your friend, that must make it so much more interesting for you. You will go and see him?"

"Rather," said Lord Merton enthusiastically, "but only to renew acquaintance—I am sure it is Robert. You could not mistake him, there are so many tricks of his that I remember, and his voice was always lovely. My mother used to say that he had the most beautiful voice in the world, and would be famous. I don't think she has heard him yet, but she will certainly be pleased at the fulfilment of her prophecy."

"Yes," said Valerie, feeling an interest in the rather insignificant little widow she had never felt before. "You will tell her all about him?"

"Of course I shall! I am looking forward to a renewal of our friendship. I don't make friends easily, you know," he added shyly.

"Why not?" she asked, touched again by his humility. "I am sure everyone likes you."

"But that is not real friendship," he said, "I want more than that. I dare say you think it presumptuous of me, but I want the greatest love that anyone can give."

Valerie did not answer for a moment, and when she spoke again it was on a different subject.

"Come and tell me about the tenor," she said. "I want to hear about him."

"Of course I will come," he said, "do you think I need any asking?" Mrs. Monro had finished her say at length.

One heard murmurings of "committees" and "Miss Searle" and Valerie knew that she was on her charity tack.

But they were all quiet during the few minutes that it took them to be driven home. Valerie followed her father into the one plainly furnished room in the house which was his study, and where a decanter of whiskey stood for him with some soda.

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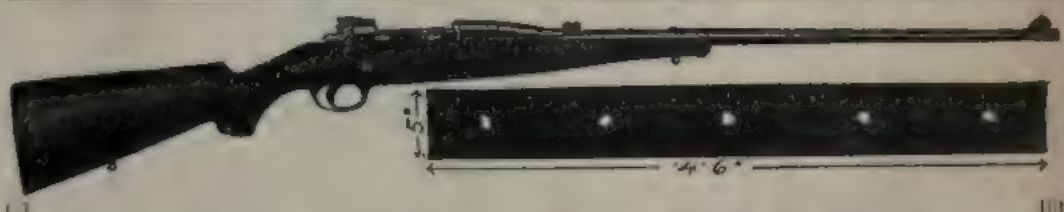

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"Shall I pour it out for you, dad?" She knew to a nicety the thimbleful he liked.

"Yes, Val." He took the glass from her hand. "You enjoyed your evening, did you not, little girl?"

"He sang beautifully," said Valerie steadily, just as if the whole entertainment could be summed up in the "he."

"Looked well, too; a gallant figure I thought."

"Yes," said the girl, "he looked a very noble and peerless knight." Then she turned and pulled her charming mouth whimsically to one side. "Is it not a shame, dad, that a man should trick himself out like that and strut about the stage and make believe—a man like that, I mean?"

"You don't think much of the great art of acting I perceive," said Monro, "but I always think some of the man's personality shines out through the make-believe."

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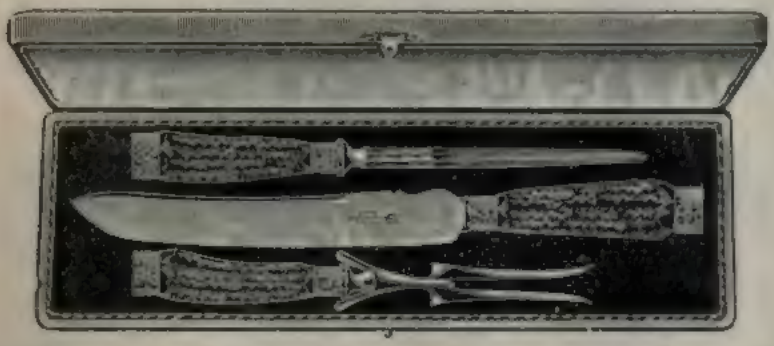

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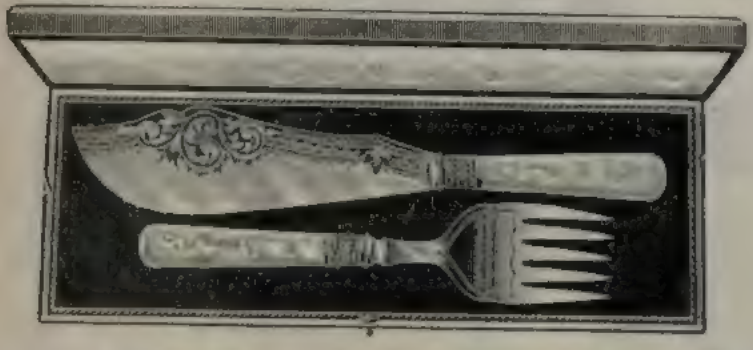

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"All the more shame then, that the man should be content to play a part," said Valerie hotly. "A man like that might—"

She stopped short.

"Might what, little girl?"

"Might conquer the world, I think," she said softly, stooped quickly and kissed him, and left him alone.

"So-ho!" said Monro reflectively, "and that is Valerie?"

To be continued

Tales of the Camp

By Harden Bates

A PARTY of Japanese soldiers in Manchuria had just finished their evening meal when a Chinaman passed them, apparently on his way home from a day's work in the field. One of the soldiers called to him and said in Chinese, "A cup of water, please! Fetch it here." One of the Japanese officers tells what followed, an incident which shows better than any number of "preachments" how merciless and horrible war is.

The Chinaman stopped for an instant. He did not even salute us, and then, as before, he turned his face north and began walking away. Not that we needed his services so very much, but the insolence in that haughty and silent air of the native made an impression on us. One of us who read the full meaning across the back which the Chinaman had turned upon us, said, "Um!" and without another word he took after the Chinaman. Without any trouble he caught up with him, and as he laid his impolite hand upon the native of the soil, the Chinese helmet flew away from his head, and before our soldier stood, in the costume of the Chinese, with a Chinese scythe, a handsome soldier of Russia.

Six of us rushed upon him, and a moment later he was our prisoner.

He had wandered through the country occupied by our army, and passed and repassed our camps with that sweet air of saintly innocence of a child loitering through the roads of his native village. He had made a critical and detailed examination of our defenses, of the number of our men, of the trenches, of the position of the main force; nothing seemed to have escaped him.

Upon receiving his sentence of death his courage so impressed the Japanese that the captain said:

"Permit me to say that I am facing this day one of the bravest men in any army. We regret that we are compelled to witness your death. As an individual I cannot refrain from presenting to you, humbly, my respect and admiration for your bravery."

The Russian spy replied: "At the time when I was captured I was thoroughly aware that this moment would come to me; nevertheless, your words of sympathy touch me deeply. This life of mine I have offered to my master. I only thank you for your words of sympathy and tenderness." And with that he stretched out his hand toward the captain. You can believe that the hand of the captain came out promptly, and there they shook hands on the Manchurian field, a Russian soldier and a Nippon officer.

In Trumbull's reminiscences there is a touching story of a soldier laddie who proved with his life that indeed

> The bravest are the tenderest
> The loving are the daring.

The boy was homesick and almost crushed with melancholy.

Mr. Trumbull strove to soothe the little fellow. "I found he was almost heartbroken because of his lack of home letters which he had looked for. I spoke words of sympathy and cheer, and, as I left him, I thought he was still too much of a boy to be away from home in the army. A few weeks later my regiment stood in battle line, repelling one of the fiercest attacks of the enemy we had met in our three years of service. As I stood by my colonel and my brigade commander, just back of the line of battle, I saw that homesick boy hurrying into his place in the ranks. Hardly had he taken his place and fired his first shot when he fell with a bullet through his lungs. Tearing open his coat and gasping for breath as his lifeblood gushed out through his death wound with never a whimper or a groan, he looked along the unwavering line and called out cheerily with failing breath, "Fire away, boys; fire away!"

In any company of volunteers almost every trade, profession and accomplishment is likely to be represented, but few soldiers combine them all. There was one such man in the Philippines, and Lieutenant Schlesinger, of Louisville, met him. Here is the true tale of The Man Who was Too Versatile:

"The most versatile chap I ever saw," said the lieutenant, "was a private who was on duty in Manila. His name was Sawtell. There seemed to be nothing on earth that he couldn't do or hadn't done at some time.

"One day it happened that an officer in the garrison wanted his hair cut, and the regular company barber was not to be found—out on furlough, or something. Sawtell volunteered to do the job.

"'Why, were you ever a barber?' asked the officer.

"'Yes, I was a barber for three years,' said Sawtell.

"A few days later the same officer took a notion that he wanted a certain dish prepared. He and the rest of us were tired of 'dead hen,' as the ubiquitous chicken is disdainfully called in the Philippines.

"'I can prepare it, sir,' said Sawtell, saluting.

"'Did you ever cook?' the officer asked.

"'Yes, sir; two years' experience, sir.'

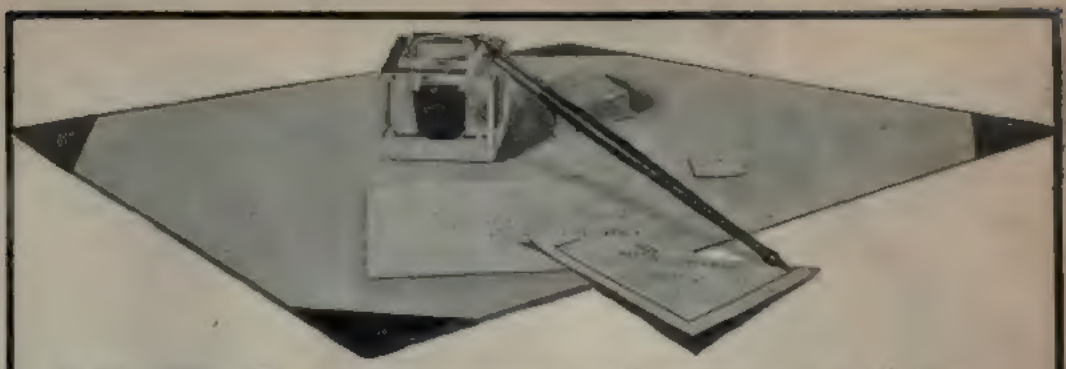
"And that dish was a wonder. Three days later the colonel's horse threw a shoe. The colonel wanted it replaced at once.

"'I'll do it, sir,' said Sawtell. 'I was a blacksmith for a year and a half.'

"He did it well, as he did everything. By this time the officers had begun to look upon Sawtell as a phenomenon: therefore, when our captain developed a bad toothache, he sent for him.

"'Did you ever pull a tooth?' he asked.

"'Oh, yes,' said Sawtell, saluting. 'I studied dentistry two years.'



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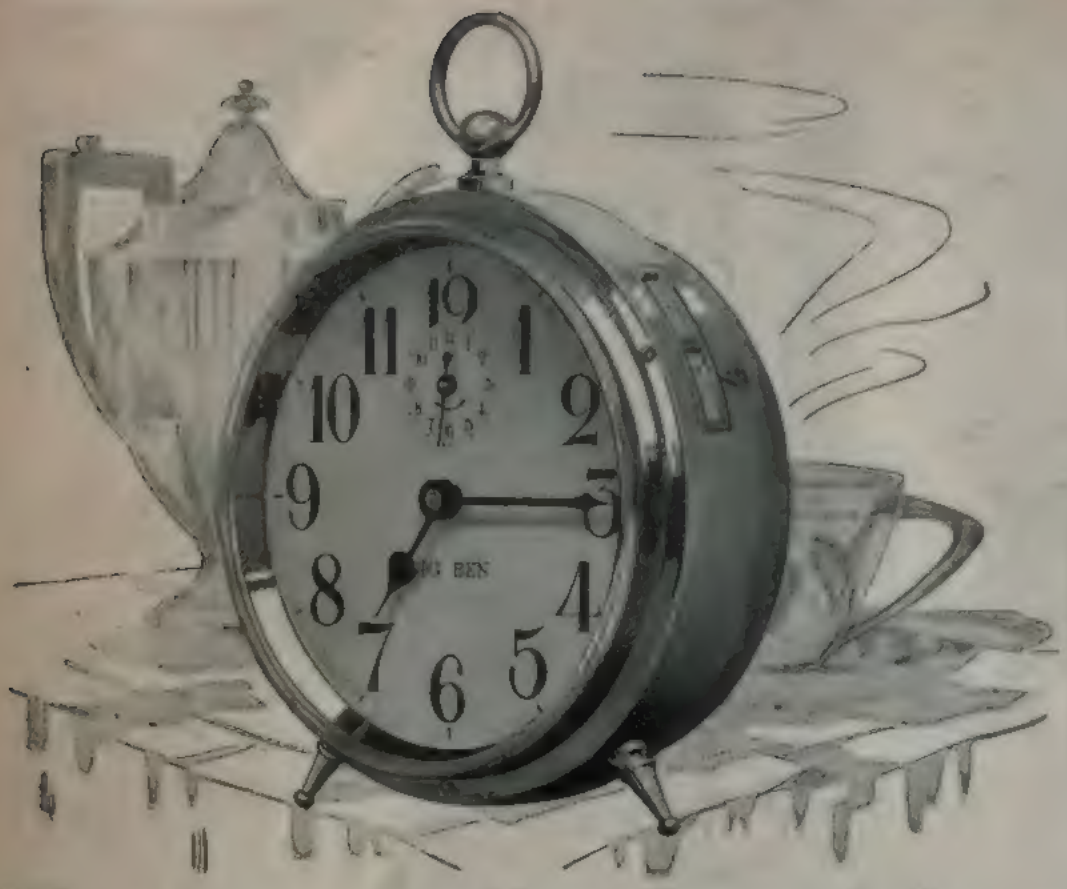

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LONDON AND TORONTO.

"And he pulled the tooth.

"Finally time was hanging somewhat heavily upon our hands, and one of the men suggested a concert of some kind. We went to Sawtell in a body to ask him if he knew anything about singing.

" 'I was leading tenor with a minstrel show for a season,' he replied.

"As a result of his manifold accomplishments, Sawtell was easily the most popular man in garrison. Whenever anything went wrong somebody said, 'Send for Sawtell,' and Sawtell always fixed it. Therefore, the colonel one day was deeply annoyed to receive a warrant from 'Frisco for Sawtell's apprehension, accompanied by a letter stating that he was wanted in Nevada. The colonel called Sawtell before him.

" 'Sawtell, I have received a warrant for your arrest,' he said.

" 'Yes, sir,' and Sawtell saluted.

" 'You have become a valuable man here, and I hate to lose you,' said the colonel, 'particularly as you will have to go to prison.'

" 'Oh, that's all right, sir,' said Sawtell. 'I've spent four years in prison. I was not guilty at that, nor do I know what I am accused of now, but I can work in prison or out of it, sir.'

"I challenge any one to produce that man's equal for versatility," the lieutenant concluded.

Da Posta-Card from Napoli

BY T. A. DALY

SO, you gon' sail for Italy?
Ah! fine!—W'at can you do for me?
O! notheeng, please; I don'ta care;
I weesh you joy while you are dere,
An' I'll be glad for see you w'en
Da sheep ees breeng you home agen—
Eh? No! O! please, don't sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli!

O! yes, wan time da letter-man
Breeng soocha card to deesa stan';
Eeet was from gentleman like you
Dat wanted to be kinda, too.
Eet showed da town, da bay—but, O!
I deed not need; so wal I know!
Ah! no, please dont'a sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli.

O! wal, Signor, you are so kind—
So good to me—I would no mind
Eef you would sand me wan from Rome
Eh? Rome? No, dat ees not my home.
Deed I not jus' esplain to you
I weell no care w'at alse you do
So long you don'ta sand to me
Som' peecture-card from Napoli?

The Duke—Ah, my dear Miss Rich, wouldn't you like to have a nice cute little puppy dog for a pet?

Miss Rich—Oh! Mr. Duke! This is so sudden!!!